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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DREAMS CHANGED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

How I used to dream and dream,
I would climb to reach so many
Heights of fame more sweet than any
Heights of love could ever seem.
I would be a little queen,
With my flattering court about me,
All to worship, none to doubt me,
While I sat cold and serene.

I would travel, go to Rome,
Live like Hilda in a turret
With the kingly hills before it,—
To my window doves should come
As they did in that sweet story,—
There I would dwell high, apart,
Free from every human heart,
While I earned and waited glory.

I would hide in quaint old Prague,
Or some small Norwegian town,—
Live my foreign life alone,—
Or in Holland by the Hague.
All seemed possible,—O, strength,
O, sweet freedom of my youth,
Ye were beautiful in truth,
But there cometh change at length.

So I waited, mused and dreamed,
Thought of love but to forego it,
Though some day some king or poet
Might come wooing as I deemed.
That was like some far bright bubble
Which might break;—when suddenly
Came my lord, my king, to me,
Threw my soul in sweetest trouble.

Where is Rome? I do not care,—
Love, my world is where thou art,
To my world then take my heart!
Let cold fame fade off in air,
And no window seemeth fair
Save one where I watch for thee.
Am I free? nay, blest not free,
Bonds of love, how sweet ye are!

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

PLANNING ESCAPE.

"Hist, lady!" said I, in a low, impressive tone; "we are your friends. Do not be alarmed, keep perfectly quiet, and we may save you!"

Her breath came quick, and I could feel her heart beat during the brief period she leaned against my breast.

"Are you one of the travellers those villains are looking for?" she inquired, in a manner that showed her possessed of great presence of mind.

"Yes, Miss Brandon," I answered, "and we have been near enough to your captors, since they took the gag from your mouth, to hear nearly all of their conversation. Thus, you see, among other things, I have already learned your name."

"And where are your friends?"

"Right here—close at hand."

"I'm one on 'em, Miss, at your service!" said Caleb Stebbins, coming forward; "and, great ginger! if I aint glad you've got away from them are fellers, you can pison me. I only wish you'd brung our hosses with you; but that of course you couldn't do, and I'm only joking 'bout that. How'd you do it, any how?"

"The ruffians in charge of me were not holding me," replied the lady; "and, while they were busily engaged in conversation, I slipped off. But we are not safe here!" she hurriedly and anxiously added; "we must get further off! for they will soon beat up this thicket."

"This way," said I, taking hold of her hand and setting forward, I knew not whither, except that it was deeper into the wood and further off from the stable.

Meantime the loud calls of the two men at the stable had been heard and answered by the party who had gone to the hut, and we could now and then catch a glimmer of the light of the lantern through the trees, as they came running back to begin the search for the lady who was escaping with us.

"Oh, gentlemen, if you can succeed in delivering me from these ruffians and restoring me to my father, you shall all be handsomely rewarded!" said the lady, as we hurried back deeper into the wood.

"For myself, I want no reward beyond the satisfaction I shall feel in my heart in rescuing a dove from the talons of vultures!" returned I.

"Nor I nother," said Caleb Stebbins, "'cept, if I lose my hoss and things, I wouldn't much mind having about that are amount made up to me, 'cause it 'ud go putty hard with me, in the present state of my purse, to have to buy another critter and the rest."

"And how is it with you, Peter?" I inquired.

"Well, I don't says not'ing," answered the Dutchman, "'cause I not much don't speak English already."

"These two persons," I explained to Miss Brandon, "are almost as much strangers to me as to yourself—we never having met till this evening; but I believe I can safely promise that, reward or no reward, they will do everything in their power to save you."

"Great ginger! yes, I guess so!" responded Caleb.

"Yaw, dat's it!" added the Dutchman.

"Well, gentlemen, I assure you your kindness shall not be overlooked," rejoined Miss Brandon, "and your horses shall be replaced by as many as you may choose to name."

"Ph-e-e-w!" was the surprised and delighted half-whistle of the Yankee. "I snum to Guinea! I guess you're putty rich, Miss?"

"My father is, sir!"

"How much du you calculate he's wo'th now?"

"I have no idea of the amount, sir; but he owns a large cotton plantation near the Red river, worked by a great many field hands, and a large sugar plantation in one of the lower counties."

"Do tell! I snum! Jerusalem! Be you an only child now? or might there be others?"

"I have one brother older, and one brother and sister younger than myself."

"And how old be you, if it's a fair question?" pursued the inquisitive Yankee.

"Come, come, Mr. Stebbins, I think you are getting rather too personal!" I interposed. "Because we are doing a common act of humanity, in trying to save the lady from the hands of robbers and murderers, we have no right to catechise her as if she were on the witness-stand."

"Nay," rejoined the lady, "let him question to his heart's content, and then he will be better satisfied. If I am not mistaken, he is a native of one of the *New England States!*"

"Just as sure's you live, Miss—Connecticut; but how'd you come to guess?"

"Because I spent three years at a female seminary in Massachusetts, and know something of the peculiar idioms of the people of that section."

"Sho! you don't say so! Wal, I like you all the better for that now; and I'll see you safe home agin, or die trying on't—I snum, I will!"

"Thank you kindly, sir! You asked about my age: I am just turned of nineteen."

"Aint married, I guess, be you?"

"I should hardly be called *Miss* Brandon if I were."

"That's a fact, I snum! I 'spect I'm kind of forgitting myself. Wal, I don't want to question you tew much now; but I'd jest like to know how them scamps come to git hold of you, and carry you off from home, and what they was going to du with you?"

"What they intended to do with me, I know no more than yourself, sir!" replied Miss Brandon. "I had been riding out alone—as has often been my custom during the past year—and was returning through a belt of wood, near sunset, about a quarter of a mile from my father's dwelling, when suddenly three men sprung into the path before me. One instantly seized my horse by the bit, and the other two dragged me from his back and proceeded to gag me, though not before I had uttered two or three loud screams, and had the satisfaction of knowing they were heard by the overseer and some of the negroes in the adjoining field. Ere they could come to my rescue, however, one of the ruffians sprung upon my beast, secured me in front of him, and rode swiftly away, the other two men following him. A few hundred yards from where I was seized, the man in charge of me stopped, in a thicket, where there were six horses and three other men. As soon as the two on foot reached this place, they all mounted separate animals and dashed away together, two riding on each side of me and guiding my horse, and the four others leading and following, so that I had no means of getting away. It soon grew dark, and a heavy shower overtook us, but they did not halt. They forded one or two streams on their route, and about an hour before reaching this place they crossed a broad bayou, or pond, in a large, clumsy boat, that they poled over. This is pretty much all I know of the matter, except what I suppose you have overheard of our conversation since our arrival here."

"Permit me to say, Miss Brandon," I now joined in, "that I think you a remarkably courageous young lady—one out of a thousand, if not a million—to appear so cool and collected under such fearful circumstances!"

"Perhaps I am not so cool and collected as you suppose," she replied; "but I feel that my liberty, if not my life, or something worse, is at stake, and I have nerved myself to speak and act as I have. There is certainly no use of dying more than once; and if kind Providence will give me one chance of escape, I will try not to miss it through timidity or hesitation."

"I hope that chance is now yours; and, though a stranger to you, I am resolved to stake my life on the issue."

"Oh, sir, believe me, I feel more gratitude than words can express!" she rejoined, in a tone that betrayed considerable emotion.

All this time we were steadily pushing forward through the thicket, but speaking in low, guarded tones, and making as little noise as possible. Occasionally we heard the ruffians calling to each other, cursing and swearing; but their voices seemed gradually growing more distant, as if we were gradually getting further and further from them. I had no fear of their finding us during the night; but unless we should be far away from them by daylight, the case might be different. I mentioned this fact to Miss Brandon, and inquired if she had any idea of our present locality, and if she thought she could readily find her way back to her father's plantation.

"I regret to say I do not believe I could," she answered. "I was never here before; and my ride having mostly been made in the night, I do not even know in what direction to look for my home."

"You mentioned crossing a broad bayou, or pond, in a boat!"

"Yes; but there are so many such in this region that I can form no conjecture from that fact whether our route was either east, west, or south from our starting point. I am only certain that we are on the southern side of Red river."

"This is a perplexing predicament," said I, "and I am really at a loss what to advise or do. If we were to get upon the route over which you came, and hurry on in the proper direction, we should soon be stopped by the pond."

"But I say you, Doctor Walbridge," now quickly put in the Yankee, "if there's a boat on't, on this side, that are'd be all in our favor, wouldn't it? Hey, Peter! what d'you say?"

"Yaw, I dinks so already!" replied the Dutchman.

"True," returned I, catching at the idea as the first ray of hope I had seen, "the boat and pond would be in our favor indeed, for by that means we might cut off pursuit from these ruffians long enough to make our escape a safe success. But how to find the pond in the dark—that is the point!"

We halted where we were, and discussed the matter for half an hour, each one suggesting whatever struck him or her at the moment as the most feasible for the accomplishment of our purpose. At last it was decided that we should return to the stable—or at least as near it as our safety would permit—and endeavor to get into the road, or path, by which the ruffians had come hither—believing, if we could once find that, and get started in the right direction, we could easily keep it to the water and the boat.

"By-the-by, Miss Brandon," said I, "another thought has just struck me: had this boat a ferryman in attendance when you reached it? or did the kidnappers themselves row it over?"

"Two or three of them dismounted and poled or rowed it over," she replied; "but I am not so certain there was not a man there in waiting for them. It seems, now I think of it, as if there might have been another among them while they were crossing; but it was very dark—the lantern, which had been lighted and carried by the foremost, was at no time very near me during the passage across the water—and being a good deal excited, under the circumstances, I did not notice whether the number of the ruffians was increased or not."

"If there was no one in charge of the boat, it will probably be where they left it," said I, "otherwise it may be on the other side. It also struck me that if one or more of their party should be in possession, we might have some trouble with him or them; but time enough to think of that when we get there perhaps! The first thing is to find the road leading thither, and this we must set about at once."

Accordingly we began to cautiously pick our way back to the stable; and so slowly, stealthily and uncertainly did we work to this purpose, that it was a full half hour before we reached the opening near which it stood. On our way thither, we heard nothing of the villains; and as we now paused to listen, all around us remained as silent as if no such dread beings were abroad on a dark mission. Had they given up the search and gone to rest? or were they out seeking us in the dark wood?

In a cautious whisper I warned my companions to tread more stealthily than ever, and not to make a sound above a breath; and in this manner we moved out from the thicket, in single file, and advanced to the spot where I had first seen the ruffians halted. The night was still, and so dark that we could only see each other in the opening as so many shadows. How were we to find the path through the forest even now?

"As well as you can remember," I whispered to Miss Brandon, "lead on in the direction from which you first came hither!"

"I will do my best," she replied.

In less than a quarter of an hour more, we found what we believed to be the path by which the kidnappers had approached the hut. I got down on my knees and felt the ground carefully.

"We are right," I whispered, "for here are the prints of horses' hoofs coming from a direction opposite to ours."

With this we all took hold of each other, and began to move forward on the trace, or trail, in a slow and noiseless manner.

In a few minutes we found ourselves passing through a thicket on a travelled path, and were satisfied we had discovered the right way to escape.

And all this time we had heard nothing more of the ruffians.

After getting back in this way some half a mile from the stable, and still feeling satisfied that we were right, we all began to breathe more freely and become more sanguine of success.

"Consarn it all, if we only had our hosses now!" said Caleb Stebbins.

"And may we not have?" said I, as a new idea occurred to me.

"Why, how'll we git 'em?"

"By a bold *ruse*, if you have the courage to venture it, Mr. Stebbins!"

"I'd ventur' so'thing, I snum, rather than lose that are critter of mine, and them saddle-bags and things, for all Miss Brandon here says she'll see it made up to me!"

"Oh, gentlemen, I beg of you think not of your property, as property, if you can aid me to escape without it!" said the lady. "If it is the value of your horses, rather than their present use, you are considering, let all go as nothing, and I promise you you shall be repaid ten-fold!"

"With me," I answered, "it is not so much the value of the beast as the means of escape. If we had our horses at the ferry, and could once get over the water you mention, we should have little to fear from these ruffians; but, on foot, the journey for you would at the best be slow and tedious and we might be overtaken."

"There is truth in what you say, sir!" replied the lady. "But how, may I ask, can you get your horses from the possession of these villains?"

"I do not know that it can be done, Miss Brandon; but my idea was this: We have all escaped from these fellows—and they may, or may not, at this moment be searching for us—at all events we know they would be glad to find us—and it struck me that if I were to return to the thicket we left, and begin a loud conversation, as if with my companions, they might all be drawn off in pursuit of me, and leave the stable unguarded, during which time Mr. Stebbins and his friend here could manage to remove the horses and set off for the ferry, where it would be my hope to join you."

"Certainly a bold and dangerous proceeding!" said Miss Brandon.

"Ticklish as all git-out, I tell you!" chimed in the Yankee.

"Do you all think the plan too hazardous?" I asked.

"Is it reasonable to suppose that *all* the ruffians would at once be drawn off in pursuit of you?" inquired the lady.

"I should endeavor, by changing my voice," I replied, "to make them believe us all to be in the thicket together; and it seems probable to me, that, if they were to so believe, they would all attempt our capture together, fearing a part might fail."

"And you really think there is a possibility of your plan succeeding?"

"I do."

"Well, I am but a woman, and it is perhaps not proper for me to have a voice in the matter."

"As one whose life is equally concerned, I think differently!" said I. "Speak out frankly, Miss Brandon, and rest assured your counsel shall have due consideration!"

"Yes, Miss, I'll agree tu all that!" coincided Caleb.

"Frankly then," said Miss Brandon, "I think the scheme one of peril, but having the promise of success. Under the peculiar circumstances, if I were a man, I should try the venture."

"There, Stebbins, what do you say to that?"

"Wal, I don' know, I snum! It's mighty ticklish, I tell you—that's a fact! If them fellers should all put out arter you, and stay away long enough, Peter and I could git out the hosses; but if they shouldn't all leave, you know, or if they'd happen to come back afore we'd got off, it wouldn't be so nice, I calculate!"

"You are very *cautious*, sir!" said Miss Brandon, in a way that would not have flattered me in the least.

"Yes, it runs in the hull Stebbins family!" replied Caleb.

"Then I suppose you are not descended from a very long line of heroes!"

"You mean fighting men? soldiers and them?"

"Courageous men, of course!"

"Wal, I don' know how many, 'cause I can't trace 'em back very fur; but my gran'ther he fit in the Revolution, and I guess was about as brave as anybody; and there's no one sence him, not even me, that 'ul back down from the right thing when it comes to the pinch!"

"Then I suppose we can count on you to assist in carrying out the plan just proposed?"

"Wal, yes, if you all decide on't, I calculate you can!" replied Caleb, in a rather hesitating manner. "But what'll *you* du, Miss, while we're away?"

"I will go with you, and endeavor to be of some service."

"Nay, Miss Brandon," said I, "do not run any unnecessary risk yourself!"

"I do not think the risk unnecessary," she replied, "and I am not certain the danger to myself would be increased by my taking an active part. At all events, it is not my nature to shrink from what others dare—especially when I know I am not overstepping the limits of propriety, or the line of duty."

I did not annoy her with further objections. I already understood enough of her character to be certain she had a courageous heart, and a will and mind of her own; and so, after some further conversation, by which we arranged our present action and future meeting as well as could be done under the circumstances, I withdrew from the party, to begin the execution of my perilous plan.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RUSE SUCCEEDS.

I was successful in deceiving the ruffians. It took me some half an hour to find the exact spot to suit my fancy; and then I opened a conversation with my imaginary friends, changing my voice in replying to myself. My very words were calculated to deceive the villains, and lead them to suppose we had unconsciously run into a trap. I began by congratulating my companions on our escape from the stable, and declared myself highly gratified at the fact of the young lady having fallen in with us.

"Great ginger! didn't we have a run for't?" said imaginary traveller number one, in a voice so like Caleb Stebbins' that the Yankee himself would have been surprised, if not startled, had he been within hearing.

"I dinks it was more as dree mile already!" said imaginary traveller number two, in the very tone and accent of the Dutchman.

"Yes," rejoined I, in my own natural voice, "we have all been successful in making our escape so far, and now we can safely remain here till morning and take daylight for the rest of our flight. Miss Brandon here must be a good deal fatigued in pushing through the thickets so rapidly on foot, and must refresh herself with rest before we set off again."

Now as all this was said within a stone's throw of the stable, and in rather loud, careless, confident tones, I felt very certain, if the ruffians were there, they would immediately set out to surround the supposed party, doubtless chuckling to themselves at the idea of our having returned to our starting point, and consequently into their power, while believing ourselves putting miles between them and us.

As it was no part of my design to be captured myself, but only to draw the ruffians off on a long, midnight chase, and thus give my companions time to get possession of our horses and effect their escape, I now of course listened intently to detect the slightest sound of danger. I was not long kept in suspense; my voice had been heard exactly as I intended; and soon there was a gentle rustling of the bushes, and one or two slight snapping sounds, as of something breaking under cautious feet.

"Hello!" I now suddenly shouted, as if surprised and alarmed; "here is new trouble!—some of the rascals have followed us, and are now close upon us!—we must be off again! Run, boys—run! Here, Miss Brandon, give me your hand, and now let us fly together!"

With the last word I began to thrash through the bushes, making as much noise as I could, and at the same time running as fast as my limbs would carry me in the same direction I had taken before.

And I had good reason for running now, for the devils were really at my heels. With loud shouts, the ruffians now threw off all attempts at concealment and came bounding after me. It was a race for life on my part—for I knew, if taken, my earthly adventures would come to a sudden termination—and I did my best to keep myself from their angry clutches. I drew one of my pistols and held it in my hand, determined to lodge its contents in the breast or head of the first man who should lay hold of me. Fortunately I was not required to use it—though so close was one of my pursuers at one time that I could hear him pant just behind me.

On the whole I made a narrow escape. I ran for half an hour, drawing off all the villians in pursuit; and then, it being dark and in a thick wood, I easily eluded the whole of them, and returned almost upon my very tracks to the stable. I approached it with great caution, and, finding nobody there, ventured in, and discovered that my horse and those belonging to my companions were gone. This satisfied me that Caleb and Peter had been successful in getting possession of the animals; and I lost no time in setting off for the ferry, where we were to meet in the event of everything succeeding as I had planned.

On once more finding the travelled path by which the kidnappers had reached the place, I examined the ground with my hands, and to my great joy discovered prints of shod horses going from the stable. This was proof enough that my plan had been successfully carried out in all its parts, and I set off on the new trail as fast as the darkness would permit.

But I did not yet feel at ease. The first danger was past, but there was no calculating how long myself and friends might be free from new perils. The kidnappers might return to the stable at any minute, discover the loss of our horses and the way they had gone, and set off on a fierce pursuit. For myself individually I had little fear, except so far as I felt in honor bound to jeopardize my life to save the young lady from their clutches and see her safely restored to her family; and as it was by no means certain they might not overtake her at the ferry, I was fully determined, in case of being present at such a juncture, to make her cause my own and fight to the death if necessary.

And here I may be pardoned if I take credit to myself and say this was done purely in a

spirit of gallantry, such as often led the knights of the good old days of chivalry to espouse the cause and do battle in defence of an unprotected woman. This girl was a stranger to me; I had not yet so much as even seen her face in a light strong enough to distinguish it from a thousand others of her sex; all I knew of her was from what I had overheard of the conversation between herself and her captors, and the statement she had subsequently made to myself and companions; but I felt she was one in need of a strong arm, and, so far as my humble power could go, I was resolved she should have it.

It is not easy to make rapid progress upon a strange path, through a thick wood, in a dark night; and though I did the best I could, it was at least an hour and a-half from the time of setting out on the trail of my companions before I reached the water, where it had been my hope to find them and the boat in waiting. They were there, on the low, swampy beach of a wide bayou, that I could not see across in the darkness. I shouted to them as I ran up, and was received with warm words of congratulation and welcome. Each was mounted on a separate beast, and Peter held the bridle of my own.

"Thank God, my dear friend, that you have escaped and joined us! I was so fearful you had fallen into the hands of the ruffians!" said Miss Brandon, in a tone that betrayed considerable emotion.

"But the boat?" I exclaimed, feeling the peril of a moment's delay; "the boat? where is it?"

"Great ginger! there's the trouble!" replied Caleb, in a tone of anxiety and alarm. "Somebody—one of them are tarnal thieves, I spect—has took it over to'ther side."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause 'taint here, and I've hollered over and got an answer."

"What answer did you get?"

"Sombody axed who we was and what we wanted!"

"Well?"

"I told him we wanted the boat in tarnal quick time."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Not a dern thing; and I haint ben able to git nothing out of him sence, consarn him! At last I got mad and tired, and concluded I'd wait till you come, and see if you could make out any better. I begun to think, though, you wa'n't agoing to come; and I got scart, I tell you! I'm dreadful glad to see you safe here now—I snum to Guinea, I am—that's a fact!"

"This delay is full of peril!" said I, hurriedly; "and we must get away from here soon, either across this water or in some other direction!"

I then briefly narrated all that had occurred to me; and my fears that the villians might return to the stable, find the horses gone, suspect the ruse, trace out the direction of flight, and set off in pursuit.

"Oh, it is terrible, to think of falling into their hands again!" said Miss Brandon, with a shudder.

"And you shall not, if in my power to save you!" returned I.

"Brave sir, I hope I may live to reward you and your companions for this noble devotion to the welfare of a helpless girl!" she warmly rejoined.

"To see you safe among your friends will be reward enough for me," I replied.

"And if I git off safe with my hoss, I shan't ax nothing nother, I guess!" chimed in the Yankee: "though," he immediately added, "I've lost some things by them are thieves, that's a fact; but that wa'n't your fault, Miss, you know; and 'twouldn't hardly be right to spect you to pay for 'em, I calculate, without you tuk the notion to du it yourself now."

"How long have you been here?" I inquired.

"More'n an hour, I guess. You see, jest arter you drawed off all them are fellers a hollering arter you, we went up to the stable plaguy carefal; and not finding nobody there, we fetched out the hosses putty quick, you know; and jest as soon as we could git bridles and saddles on to 'em, we put out like blazes, and come here as quick as we could, and have ben here ever sence."

"And how long since you called to the ferryman and got an answer?"

"Wal, I hollered over jest as soon 's I found there wa'n't no boat here; and he yelled back in less than tew minutes, I should say."

"And only replied once?"

"That's all, consarn him!"

"And what, from the sound of his voice, do you judge the distance to be across the water here?"

"I wouldn't be astonished if it's half a mile now! What do you think, Peter?"

"I dinks yes," replied the Dutchman.

"If this ferryman belongs to this gang of villains, as I suspect," said I, "he would hardly come over for a strange voice, and especially one he would be so certain of as yours. I will try what I can do. You all recollect the voice of the man called Blake! Now, take notice, and tell me how near I come to imitating it!"

I made the trial.

"That's it, I snum! hey, Peter?"

"Yaw, more likes him as himself already!"

"Perfect!" exclaimed Miss Brandon.

"I think this man Blake is the leader of this party," I said, in explanation; "and if so, and I can deceive the man on the other side of the water, I may be able to get him over."

I now made the trial in sailor fashion—shouting, in the voice of Blake:

"Boat ahoy!"

I repeated the call three times before I got an answer, and then it came in the shape of the query:

"Who dar?"

"Don't you know Blake, stupid? Come, hurry over! I've no time to waste here!"

I said this at a venture, not knowing of course that the man even knew the name of the leader of the kidnappers. I was rejoiced the next minute, however, to find that I had made a happy hit.

"Ay! ay!" was the cheering answer, followed by a splashing of the water, which we could hear very distinctly, the night being still.

In a few minutes we fancied we could see a dark object on the water, in the faint line of light between the two shores. I now became very impatient, for at the same time I fancied I heard the distant sound of horses' feet. Nothing more likely than that the villains had got back to the stable, discovered the trick played upon them, and set off in pursuit. If so, our lives might depend upon the slow moving boat reaching the beach before them.

"Come! come! hurry over!" I shouted.

"Yes, Marser, I's doing my best, I is!" was the reply, in a voice there was no mistaking for other than that of a negro.

Never had motion seemed so slow to me as that of that snail-moving craft. For what to my impatience was a long time, it appeared to be at perfect rest on the water. I was fearful it was aground. I bent down, put my ear to the earth, and became thoroughly convinced that the ruffians were in pursuit. I stated the fact to my companions, and told them to be prepared for the worst.

"Jehoshophat!" exclaimed Caleb, in alarm; "can't we streak it off somewhere else, and git out of the way, if that are nigger don't git here in time with his derned old mud-scow?"

"Where can we go?" said I. "For all I know, we may be on an island; and it may be necessary to cross this water, or some other, to get among honest settlers. Whatever we do, we should certainly be prepared to defend ourselves in case the worst comes to the worst!"

"Consarn the nigger!" whined the valiant Mr. Stebbins: "I only wish I had a rope around his tarnal neck, I guess I'd fetch him over about the quickest!"

"Have you plenty of weapons, gentlemen?" asked Miss Brandon.

"A brace of pistols apiece," I answered.

"If you will trust me with one, I will show you, at the proper time, that I know how to use it!" she firmly rejoined.

"Indeed then," said I, "you shall have one of mine, for your own protection!" and I put it in her hand.

"You may think it rather strange," she explained; "but I am not altogether like young ladies in general, and have practiced a little of almost every manly sport, in my own quiet way. If I had had any suspicion of being assaulted, I should have gone out armed, for I have weapons of my own at home, and then the ruffians might not have had quite so pleasant a time in carrying me off!"

"They must have had some strong motive for kidnapping you," said I, "and unquestionably it was a part of some dark, wicked plot!"

"It is all a mystery to me!" she replied.

"Perhaps it was done to revenge them on your father; toward whom, if I may judge from the few remarks I overheard, they bear no good will."

"It may have been," she rejoined, "for my father is at the head of a band of Regulators, composed of our best citizens, and organized for mutual protection against all gangs and combinations of gamblers, horse-thieves, negro-stealers, and outlaws generally, with which this Southern country has been cursed for years. Several of the bold villains have been caught and punished at different times—some by hanging, some by whipping, and some by branding and being ordered out of the State, never to return except on pain of death."

"Was the man called Joe Hornet one of these?"

"He was publicly whipped last spring for conniving at the escape of some negroes from a plantation on which he was employed as an overseer. He might have fared worse; but the evidence against him was rather circumstantial than positive, and his employer, Mr. La Grange, did not wish him too harshly dealt with."

"La Grange?" exclaimed I; "that is the name of a planter I intended to visit—perhaps it is the same! Has he a son named Ernest, who recently graduated at a medical college in Philadelphia?"

"He has!" replied Miss Brandon, in a tone of surprise; "do you know him?"

"Yes, he was my class-mate and friend; and when we parted last, I received a very pressing invitation from him to come and make him a long visit. Business having led me into this region, I had thought of putting his hospitality to the test."

"Oh, sir, I am delighted to know you are the friend of Ernest La Grange, who is also a friend of mine!" said Miss Brandon, in a quick, animated tone. "Our estates join, and our families are very intimate. Ha!" she added, as a new idea seemed to strike her suddenly; "I have heard you called Doctor Walbridge, by our Yankee friend here, and I have more than once heard Ernest speak of a friend of his by the name of Leslie Walbridge?"

"That is my name, Miss Brandon?"

"Then, Heaven be praised! you are no longer a stranger to one to whom you have already proved yourself so true and noble a friend!" she exclaimed, extending her hand, which in turn I warmly seized and pressed.

"And now I think of it," said I, "I am sure I have heard Ernest La Grange speak of a certain Miss Alice Brandon!"

"Have you indeed?" she answered, turning her face aside, as if she were blushing, though it was too dark for me to see. "I hope he said nothing very bad of her!"

"May I trust it will not displease you to be assured she was little less than an angel in his estimation?"

"Will that boat never reach here!" she said quickly, looking off on the water.

That was indeed the all important point now; and could I have hastened its progress by any act of mine, I should not have stood idly there, conversing on matters so foreign to the great interest at stake.

"It gits nearer, I spect, but that are nigger's dreadful slow!" said Caleb. "There! hark! ain't them hosses I hear?"

A light breeze certainly brought very distinctly to our ears a low, rumbling, pattering sound, and I did not doubt for a moment that the villains were in hot pursuit. Would they reach the beach here before the boat? that was the main peril! I looked eagerly off on the water, and fancied the boat was much nearer. Ten minutes I thought would decide the question one way or the other.

All conversation now ceased, and we stood in almost breathless silence, listening to the creaking and splashing on the water, and the low, dull, pattering sound that came to us over the route we had travelled, occasionally swelling out quite distinctly and then dying away so as only faintly to be heard.

Five minutes thus passed, and the clattering of horses' hoofs was quite distinct; but the boat was clearly visible and drawing near the shore.

"Come! hurry, boy! hurry!" I said, in the voice of Blake.

"Yes, Marser, old nigger Sam's a doing his best, he am?"

We all moved down to the point where the boat would touch the shore, so as to be ready to hasten aboard. I did not mount my horse, for I intended to leap upon the craft the first one and secure the negro.

But was he alone? This was an important thing to know, and I asked the question.

"Yes, Marser Blake," he replied, puffing and panting, "and dar's der defikulty dis chile has in fotching over de boat more faster."

At last the large, flat-bottomed scow touched the shore; and that moment I was on board, giving directions for the others to follow, which were hurriedly obeyed. There was no time to spare, for the clattering of horses' feet was now loud and heavy, and probably not more than an eighth of a mile divided us from our pursuers.

"Now push off, Sam!" I exclaimed, in the voice of Blake; "push off as quick as you can!"

The negro now discovered there was something wrong. He heard the approaching horses and suspected some trick. Instead of using his pole as I directed, he came close up to me and looked full in my face. I drew my pistol and thrust the muzzle against his cheek.

"Push off the boat, Sam, this moment," I said, in a low, determined tone, "or I will blow your brains out!"

"Yes, Marser, I does it!" he answered, shrinking back and using his pole with much dexterity, that instantly the end of the scow, which had touched the shore, swung around and put us fairly afloat.

I stumbled upon another pole and immediately began to use it; and at the same time both Caleb and Peter dismounted and hurried to my assistance.

We had scarcely got twenty feet from the shore, when two of the foremost ruffians came dashing up to the water's edge, and we could hear the others clattering close behind.

"Ho, Sam, what——fool work is this?" shouted the voice of the genuine Blake. "Put back with that boat here, this minute, or I'll have your black heart out of you!"

"So please you, good Mr. Blake, he will do nothing of the kind," I replied, "for I am master here now!"

"And who the devil are you?" shouted Blake.

"One of the gentlemen who had the felicity to outwit you to-night!"

The others now came dashing up, one after the other; and pretty soon there was some fearful cursing and swearing, as the villains found they were foiled. Then came a rapid discharge of pistols, and bullets flew in among us too close for safety. One of them struck the Yankee's horse and both wounded and frightened him. He began to rear and pitch; and before his owner could seize his bridle, over he went, careening the boat and giving it a momentum that sent it further from the shore.

"Darn it all to darnation!" cried Caleb Stebbins, now furious with rage at the loss of his beast; "take that are, and that are, you gallus scamps, you!" and, as he spoke, he discharged his pistols at the ruffians, and with such good effect that a yell and a groan followed.

"Give it to them, Peter!" I exclaimed, at the same time discharging my own weapon.

Three more shots succeeded to mine, and subsequently Miss Brandon handed me back an empty pistol.

The ruffians now seemed to find their position anything but agreeable, and, uttering bitter curses, galloped away.

"Great ginger! only think of my having to lose that are critter arter all! and my saddle, bridle, saddle-bags, and all my things tew!" groaned Caleb Stebbins, wringing his hands.

"Never mind, my friend! I will see you doubly repaid if we escape!" returned Miss Brandon.

The Yankee's horse was apparently more scared than hurt; for we could see that he managed to swim ashore; and had it not been for the danger of the venture, we might have turned the boat back and caught him. We felt the risk was too great for the reward, however, and continued to work our boat away from the shore. When we had got far enough out to feel safe against pistol shots, I called the parties together for consultation.

"My friends," I said, "assisted by a kind Providence, we have done wonders to-night in escaping from this band of cut-throats! and I am strong in the hope that we shall now keep clear of them, though I am by no means certain. What we may find on the other side of this bayou, is beyond our present knowledge; but it is my opinion we had better remain on the water till daylight, believing we shall be safer here than in groping our way in the dark over an unknown country. As to these fellows we have left behind, there is no knowing what they may attempt or be capable of accomplishing. Perhaps they will swim their horses over, perhaps there is another ferry-boat, or perhaps there is a round-about way of reaching the other side. On these points I must question the negro."

I called the black to me and began to reload my pistol.

"Sam," said I, in that calm, quiet, determined tone which rarely fails to impress the party interested with the idea of a fixed resolution, "Sam, do you know what I have in my hand?"

"Ise—Ise—sort o' spects it—am—am—a pistol, Marser!" replied the black, in a hesitating, tremulous voice.

"You are right, Sam—it is a pistol. Now do you know what I am doing to it?"

"Ise—spects—you am—loading it."

"Right, Sam—I am loading it, with powder and ball; and if you don't truly answer me every question I ask you, to the best of your knowledge and belief, I intend to blow your brains out! Do you understand me, boy?"*

"Ye-ye-yes, Marser!" answered Sam, trembling with fear.

"To begin then—are you a free negro or a slave?"

"I's a slave, Marser."

"Who is your master? and where does he live?"

"Ise doesn't know, Marser."

"Don't know?"

"No, Marser."

"Does nobody claim you?"

"Yes, Marser—mos' everybody."

"Do you have charge of this boat?"

"Yes, Marser."

"How long have you been employed here as a ferryman?"

"Ise doesn't know dat, Marser—a hundred year, I spects."

I saw at once the poor fellow knew nothing about time, and I was about proceeding with the next question, when the Yankee suddenly exclaimed, in great indignation:

"See here, you black nigger, now none of them are lies of yourn! 'cause we aint no greenhorns to put up with any sich derned nonsense! Why, I'll jest bet a cow, you aint fifty years old yourself—now, come—and so how could you a ben a ferrying here a hundred years, hey? Git out!"

I heard Miss Brandon laugh, and I explained to Mr. Stebbins that Sam probably answered thus through ignorance, and with no design of deceiving us. Caleb grumbled out that he "hadn't no opinion of sich ignoramuses."

*A male negro in the South is always termed a "boy," without regard to age.

"Is there any way of getting across this water except in this boat, Sam?" was my next query.

"Dar's two small boats, Marser!"

"Where are they?"

"One dar, and t'other dar," he replied, pointing to each side of the bayou.

This was not agreeable information, for the ruffians might cross over ahead of us.

I next inquired who they were and what was their business; but the negro declared that he knew nothing about them, except that they and many others often crossed in his boat, sometimes with horses and sometimes with negroes. I put a great many questions, with my utmost ingenuity, but failed to elicit anything satisfactory. The black was either really ignorant of all I wished to know, or else was too shrewd to let me get the facts from him. I suspected the latter.

The night was now pretty well advanced, and we remained on the water till daylight—waiting, watching, hoping, dreading, fearing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

WATER.

Could we follow water through all its devious channels, and trace all the ends it fulfills in its ceaseless round from and to the ocean, we should find it an actor of surpassing importance in the economy of the earth. The ocean reservoir of this ubiquitous fluid occupies much the greater portion of the surface of the globe, and forms the native element of a population which probably greatly exceeds in number that of the land surface. One of the four types of animals, the Radiata, is, with a single exception, exclusively marine; a second, the Mollusca, has relatively few land representatives; and even the highest class of all, the Mammal, finds its hugest form in that sea monster, the whale.

Here animal and vegetable life first began, the seas being thickly inhabited ages before the appearance of any land organisms. To this day the highest animals in their embryonic state manifest this fact, being provided with a breathing apparatus analogous to the gills of fishes, before the true lungs appear. The ocean moreover has rendered an inestimable service in preserving those marvellous fossil remains which enable us to obtain some conception of the chronology and conditions of the earth through all its vast periods.

From the ocean the pores of the atmosphere drink their fill of aqueous vapor, conveying it over the land surface by the influence of the winds. Here it immediately becomes available, by its high absorptive power, to hinder the free escape of radiant heat from the surface,—as shown in the beautiful experiments of Tyndall—preventing those extreme changes from heat to cold which would otherwise render the earth uninhabitable. Gathering into opaque vapor, it gives the surface needful relief from the constant fervor of the summer rays, and at the same time restores the electric balance of the earth, constantly disturbed by the solar action. Its next manifestation is as rain, which ultimately gathers into springs, rivers, and lakes, with their manifold uses, but which immediately serves to moisten the whole soil, rendering possible the growth of vegetable germs, to which moreover it serves as the necessary liquid flux, carrying dissolved nutritive material to their tissues, and being vaporised by their leaves.

Its dissolving and disintegrating action tends to degrade all elevations, depositing their materials at lower levels, and by river action ultimately spreading them out on the bottom of lakes and seas in parallel strata. This has been the main agency in the formation of the present surface, which is in great part a sediment of the seas. As snow it covers and protects the germs in the soil from the too severe action of frost; as ice it aids materially in disintegrating the hardest rocks and preparing them for the solvent action of the summer rains. Its powers in this respect are most fully shown in the records of what is called by Geologists the Glacial period, when a moving wall of ice marched far southward over mountain and plain, grinding the rocks to powder, which it deposited as the present soil.

These are some of the more obvious actions of water, but it has many other uses, less apparent, but equally necessary to the present state of things, since to them all organic and much of inorganic nature owe their existence.

Thus in the act of crystallizing, water is in most instances included in the crystal, and with such radical importance that it can only be extracted by the destruction of the crystalline form. So if we ascend to vegetable life, we find water not only useful as a solvent of the food of the plant, but that the elements of decomposed water, with water in its original condition, form the greater part of vegetable tissues. Thus the fibres of wood, sugar, starch, gum, forming the chief vegetable products, are composed of a fixed amount of carbon united with varying proportions of water, and all these are capable of being changed one into the other by changing their proportion of water. This change is effected, from starch to sugar, in the animal body, to which water is most absolutely essential. The animal frame is fed by a watery fluid containing a small percentage of solid matter, permeating all the tissues, and serving to carry off waste as well as to deposit new material. The human body may be considered as a porous substance through which aqueous streams constantly circulate, depositing and receiving matter, and maintaining a fixed internal temperature by carrying off the surplus heat which is being continually manufactured.

We might particularize other important offices filled by water, and show in even stronger colors the width and grandeur of the mission it performs in the economy of nature, but these few hints may suffice to render manifest its all-pervading and all-important agency.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—The Christmas number of this pictorial is profusely illustrated, and is accompanied by a large colored engraving. For sale by A. Winch. Price 75 cents.

A SKATING GLEE.

Fleet as the shadows glide
Over the ice we fly,
Swift as the swallows ride
Under the starry sky!
Every heart beats high;
Ecstacy rules the hour;
Thousands of forms sweep by,
Showing their graceful power;
Curling, whirling,
Gliding, sliding,
Over the ice they sail.

Blest of skies above,
Smoothest of ice below,
Bound to the steel we love,
Ever and on we go.
Over the gleaming floor,
Over the frozen tide,
Skimming the peopled shore,
Merrily now we glide,
Curling, whirling,
Gliding, sliding,
Over the ice we sail.

Shouting our words of glee,
Singing our songs of mirth,
Happier souls than we
Never were found on earth.
On, like a petrel's flight,
On, like the swiftest gale,
On, like the flying light,
Over the ice we sail,
Curling, whirling,
Gliding, sliding,
Over the ice we sail.

Gale's Non-Explosive Gunpowder.

During the meeting of the British Association at Nottingham, some very interesting experiments were displayed in the Castle Grounds. A brisk coal fire was kindled, and when well burnt, a keg of prepared powder, weighing several pounds, was placed on the fire, and watched with great anxiety. When the hoops were burnt through, and the staves began to separate, the company drew back, anticipating an explosion; instead of which, when the cask fell to pieces, the powder appeared to smother and considerably check the fire. Some of the powder was then taken from the fire, and by a very simple and rapid process rendered explosive. This was then placed in a small cask, a fuse lighted, and a considerable explosion was the result. Mr. Gale then took a cask of powder, about the size of an oyster-barrel, under his arm, and stirred it with a red hot poker without producing any further effect than smoke, and when the poker was withdrawn the fire went out.

India.

India seems to be a doomed country. It is the chief riddle in the problem of civilization. How a nation with such a history for arts and aims, for science and poetry; with its ideas of toleration far in advance of European nations; with its illimitable resources of climate, soil, and productions; with its ancient literature that even now surprises the scholar, and its cast-iron theology that amazes the European by its assumptions, and paralyzes most attempts to alter or amend it by its subtleties; how a nation of one hundred and fifty millions of people with such stores of accumulated wealth and high-wrought refinements of government and social life—with its scholars, statesmen, warriors, and skill in agriculture—should have become the willing subjects of foreign power and see it eat out their life-blood without resistance, except for a religious scruple, is a fact of history that creates a wider and deeper interest as it grows older in the recollections of men.

EAR-RINGS WITHOUT EAR-PIERCING.—A smart fellow in London has discovered a way to enable ladies to wear ear-rings without having their ears pierced. The fastening is managed thus:—The rosette in front of the ear-ring top is the head of a screw, which by being partly withdrawn, allows the wires to separate, and, on being screwed back, when adjusted, presses the wires on the lobe of the ear; the wires are so constructed that they do not uncomfortably press the ear; in fact, the fastening, instead of entering the flesh, clasps it. This ingenious invention will recommend itself to those who are prejudiced against ear-piercing, if they are not fearful that the ear-ring will be unsafe, thus worn.

CURIOUS.—Traces of pre-historic civilization have been found in St. Anthony, Minn. A trap-door, secured by a curiously shaped lock, was discovered in the floor of a cellar, and on pushing investigation further, it was opened and a spiral staircase, leading down one hundred and twenty-three steps, appeared. It ended in a passage which led into an artificial cave, about which where strewn iron and copper instruments, and at one side of which was an elevated platform and rude seats. A stone sarcophagus was also found in another apartment, which on being opened disclosed a human skeleton.

☞ It is stated that Judge Wayne, of the U. S. Supreme Court, under the recent decision of that tribunal regarding military commissions, will issue a writ for the removal of Dr. Mudd from confinement at the Dry Tortugas, and his trial before a civil court. Similar writs may follow for the other conspirators.

☞ O'Connell, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "this nefragcous ruffian." When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said he "thought it sounded well."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A Grand Look-out—Sorato's Surroundings—Popular Errors—A High Hot Bed—The Summit—Crater—Internal Commotion—Cator's Idea.

I believe the view from the summit of Mount Sorato to be the finest in the world. Of course there must be many magnificent look-outs from high places—many, of which I know nothing. Some of the celebrated ones, however, I have seen, and seen from, as the Rhigi, Canis, Mount Washington, the Catskills, Rock of Gibraltar, Mount Mitchell, Peak of Teneriffe, the Organ Mountains, Corcovado, and some others. From some of these the view is grand, from others sublime, some vast, some beautiful; but only from the towering crater-crowned crest of South American Sorato one sees all these blended in one mighty, magnificent whole.

It had cost us much of climbing, scrambling, shivering, and weary up-hill work to gain the elevated look-out, but the views was worth it all ten times over. On either hand, north and south, more than seventy distinct peaks of the great Andean Chain, shot heavenward their snowy spires, twelve of them hollow cones, filled with subterranean fire, volcanoes—some slumbering, while others roaring and flashing, sent up huge wreathes of vapor and yellowish black sulphurous smoke; their snow-clad sides, in many instances changed into icy glaciers, glancing and flashing in the sunlight, as if Old Andes had set her hundred coronets with diamonds, sapphires and emeralds. Lower, the brilliancy faded gradually into fertile fields, and softened into lovely landscapes, all darkening into obscurity far down in the deep valleys dividing the lofty peaks.

Southward, twenty leagues distant, towered the "Heart of the Andes"—brave, beautiful, and oddly unique Old Illimani—north-west, stretched far away the most elevated American plateau, and on its extreme north-eastern border, so distant that our powerful glasses presented it only as a small patch of whitish gray with blurred edges, lay the famous city of the ancient Incas—Cuzco, still sacred in Peruvian tradition. Westward, and seeming almost under foot, lay like a silver shoet, the eccentric, enigmatical lake of Titticaca, its placid bosom thickly gemmed with emerald isles; and beyond, looking down over fantastic sierras and serpentine valleys, all subsiding gracefully into the great undulating western slope, over which the eye wanders in unwearied admiration until in the farther distance it falls upon the pale face of the mighty Pacific that bounds the western view, where it blends with the hazy atmosphere into an uncertain horizon.

North-eastward, a fair, lovely plain kisses the very foot of the mountain monarch, and picturesque in its broad, rolling savannahs, belts of dark forests, and thousands of threads of liquid silver, all tributary to other tributaries of the immense Amazon, one of the larger, the beautiful Beni skirting along at the very feet of Sorato and Illimani, has its source near La Paz, a hundred and fifty miles to the southward.

East, and south-eastward, beginning at the very base of the range, lies unrolled an Eden, broader than telescopic range of vision, and more variedly beautiful than language has words to portray—green, and gold, and fretted with liquid silver lace-work in the foreground, growing gradually into neutral tints, and finally fading out in a soft purple horizon. The great Bolivian plain, east of the Andes, has no rival landscape in South America, if it has in the world, for brilliant and blended beauties. Such a look-out as Sorato offers, Church or Bierstadt ought to avail themselves of and reproduce it on canvas for the benefit of millions of admirers of the majestic and beautiful in nature.

It was chilly, cold, and disagreeable enough, climbing the steep ascent, and there were toes half frozen, numb fingers, blue noses, and much rubbing of ears—more growling and whimpering, with an occasional curse from the more licensed—and if my memory is not at fault, the license was general—and so we fretted and flapped our arms, and stamped, and cut queer antics until we had climbed above the snow-line, when the mercury began to rise rapidly and our temper to subside in the same ratio. Not that there was a mite of merit in the weather itself for growing moderate so fast. Given its own way, it would have sent the mercury down lower and lower as we went higher up, until it would at length have frozen it solid in the bulbs. But there was an over-ruling power always counteracting this elevated Arctic tendency. As we went higher the mural walls of the great volcanic oven grew thinner, so that being thoroughly warmed through, the surface was not only comfortably warm, but so much caloric was thrown out that the atmospheric temperature had nothing in it of the biting keenness it contained down at the snow-line.

Geographers have told us that the snow-line signifies an altitude above which a peak or mountain is clad in eternal frost and snow. If they had said that altitude at which continual frost begins, the statement would have been correct. Where a peak or mountain is not volcanic, perpetual winter begins at an altitude from three to sixteen thousand feet above the sea level according to latitudinal position, the cold becoming more intense until the summit is reached. In volcanic mountains the temperature of the higher altitudes depends very greatly upon the internal structure. Some volcanic mountains have for a crater a simple central shaft of small diameter, straight, perpendicular, and walled a hundred feet it may be in thickness, with solid, vitrified material, through which no caloric can penetrate; and in these cases of course the outer temperature is in nowise effected by the internal fires, and such mountains, although volcanic, may be perpetually snow-clad to the very summit. Others are literally honey-combed within, having many flues, standing widely separated at the base, converging, and finally uniting in a common vent. These have bare heads and a temperate climate above the winter belt, as Guagua Pichina, Peru, Cotopaxi, in Equador, Gualatieca, Erebus in Victoria Land, Sorato, and several other volcanic South American mountains. We found on Sorato, after having left beneath us the belt of snow, green herbage and deciduous shrubs and several varieties of plants, all in foliage and many in bloom, bearing fruits and seeds—not quite normally I think, but rather as exotics, pushed forward in a hot-house. It was early observed by our Swedish botanist, and soon apparent enough to the most uneducated among us, that all the plants, shrubs, and flowers found growing in this upper region, by artificial heat, were strangers—unlike anything in the books, or that we had ever seen elsewhere. Herr Adolph was in ecstasies, and in his botanic enthusiasm would have overloaded us all with botanic specimens before we were nearly done climbing, only our positive protests put him off until we should begin our descent.

Geographers tell us also—some of them at least, that an altitude of about sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea is the highest point reached by man. Perhaps they had forgotten, or had never learned, that four at least of South American mountains carry up their temperate climate to from two to four hundred feet above that altitude. And then several of the Andean peaks have heads warmer than their feet. Sorato is one of this class, though not at the present time an active volcano, i. e., it is not in a state of eruption.

Now, as in these instances the winter line is considerably above 16,000 feet, what is to prevent men, and women too, provided they are good climbers, from going up as far, and two or three thousand feet higher—all the way to the summit, if accessible, and the weather moderates as one goes up, as it certainly does about the head of Mount Sorato?

In the *Sierra del Potosi*, the great basin of Titticaca, and on the plateau of Cuzco there are cities and towns—people live, corn and potatoes grow, vegetables are produced, flowers bloom, birds sing and insects chirrup, at an elevation of more than thirteen thousand feet above the sea level. It is certain that men and women can reach a point several thousand feet above the geographers' arbitrary altitude, as the majority of our Bohemian party still living and several within call can attest. Besides, we encountered pretty near the summit of Sorato other travellers as high-minded as ourselves—two men and a fair, young and very lovely girl. But that is an episode that we will defer until our next meeting.

Of the summit of Sorato there is little that would be particularly interesting to be written beyond that it affords, as I have already observed, perhaps the finest lookout in the world. There is an uneven, rugged, undulating surface dished into an oblong basin, half a mile in width and about a mile and a quarter long, the surface thickly covered with ragged masses of reddish brown lava, vitrified rocks, and laid half knee deep with volcanic ashes, bitter, pungent, a trifle or so uncomfortably warm, and the surface coated with a yellow sulphur cover.

Near the north-eastern end of the oval basin is the crater. We did not venture near enough to get its exact dimensions by actual measurement, though left unrestrained, I think Edith, O'Harra and two or three more of our heedless headlongs would have gone on until they tumbled in, as they had done into the subterranean shaft in the silver mine at Potosi.

By our best guessing the dimensions of the crater, instead of being a circular orifice, conformed in shape to that of the basin, its longest diameter from north-east to south-west being about four hundred and fifty yards, and its greatest breadth not far from three hundred. About one-third of the opening was taken up with a central cone, shaped like the crater itself, and as well as we could make out, about equidistant from the circumference on all sides, rising in a dark greenish, glistening cone, ten yards above the level of the outer walls of the crater.

There was no flame or fire visible, but continual volumes of dense vaporous smoke, sometimes light as that from pure burning sulphur, then almost black; sometimes again a bluish red, and then white, blue, black, red and a dozen different shades all mingling together; the volume never rolling out quite steadily, but one while coming up in a mass, as if it would really choke up the vent; then decreasing rapidly in volume and density till in the next minute there would be only a thin transparent vapor curling and wreathing slowly up from the opening. Then suddenly the great black throat would belch out heavy masses in jets and fantastic convolutions, twisting, turning and twining like many phantom serpents.

There was a vast subterranean fire down underneath there and actively at work, the author of all these vaporous fantasies. There was no doubt of that. Indeed we had continually auricular evidence of a constant fiery turmoil going on beneath our feet in the throes, quivering and convulsive shuddering of the surface, and the subdued subterranean moans, mutterings, and at unequal intervals a series of hollow, spasmodic bellowings, changing into short, snappish growls, and then dying away into dismal groans as if a legion of Titians were doing purgatorial penance within the fiery bowels of Sorato.

They have their uses, no doubt, in the world's economy, these snowy peaks and towering volcanic spires, otherwise they would not have been created. But what that utility consists in as yet lies a hidden mystery in the bosom of Almighty Wisdom. We had no idea, unless it was to afford such as were willing to take the trouble to climb up there such a superb platform from which to look out over half the world. Bare, rugged, forbidding, sterile, producing nothing, they seem a total waste of a vast amount of the world's surface; though perhaps useless and unproductive as the material is, like our stone walls around fields and stone heaps in them, it is better economy to have them piled up thus than scattered promiscuously all over the surface of the whole domain.

Cator, whose ideas were generally just a trifle Utopian, declared that if the entire Andean Range, with all its high heads, peaks, spurs and countless sierras, were only rolled down flat into a respectable champagne country, like the eastern shore of Maryland, South America would shut up the South Atlantic, extending from the coast of Africa to the Sandwich Islands.

☞ The following is a verbatim report of a speech delivered at a religious meeting out West by a good, pious deacon. It is a queer combination of terms, certainly: "My female brethren, it is of the most in-fi-night-est importance that we should all be clothed in white remnants!"

☞ The Richmond Dispatch says that the owner of the farm known as Dutch Gap, finding that the island made by the cutting of Butler's canal could not be conveniently put to use without some means of communication with the main land, is filling up one end of the canal, in order to create a causeway, and the canal will soon be among the things that were.

☞ Tan Bark.—Spent tan bark, when stored in large bodies, is very liable to combustion. A tannery in Norway (Me.) was nearly set on fire, last week, by the spontaneous ignition of a quantity of spent bark.

How a Statue is Made.

The subject is first conceived or thought of, like that of a beautiful poem or sonnet, a complete unit, unless it be a statue of a statesman or hero. When the subject has been fully considered by the sculptor, he makes a sketch in chalk or charcoal, on paper. Before he begins the final model, a sketch or study in clay is made, from one foot to two feet in height, to get the pose and balance of the figure. A good practice in all that pertains to busts, statuettes, statues, or figures of colossal proportions; that is a preparatory study.

Then begins the work in earnest. A platform is prepared of strength in proportion to the weight of the clay model it has to bear, and the platform is so made to either revolve on its own centre, or supported by strong castors, to move in any direction or light required. Then the skeleton is constructed to suit the proportions of the projected statue, of iron and wood, with joints to meet all demands of movement of arms and limbs, in any direction desired.

Sometimes a strong upright of iron, well braced at the base, from which projects an arm on which to suspend the skeleton midway between the shoulders at the back, a mode that gives the sculptor a perfect control of his work, and very practical in modelling statuettes and small equestrian statues. If the statue is a sitting figure, or recumbent, most of the body and accessories can be made of wood and covered with clay. For life-size statues, the skeleton or bones of the arms and legs are made of strong lead pipe, of an inch or more in diameter, and bent to suit any action of the limbs required. Lead pipe is readily perforated, in which to insert pins of wood to support the clay that may be applied to the arms or legs.

When the skeleton is completed to the throat, a ball and socket joint is requisite for the ease and graceful action of the head, which can be moved at any time by having a stop-screw at the back of the neck, between the shoulders. Colossal statues, of ten or twelve feet in height, require lead pipe, two inches and a half to three inches in diameter, for the bones of the arms and legs. After the skeleton is finished, the clay is packed firmly and closely as possible on the skeleton, somewhat larger than life, or the intended statue, let it be great or small. Then begins the work of modelling, at first from good studies in plaster, and finishing from life models.

After the model is completed in the nude state, with all of the desired proportions, it is draped to suit the character or person for whom it is intended. The sculptor then reviews the whole work from head to foot, for by that time he has decided what kind of an expression he intends to give the face and puts the finishing stroke to it. The soul of sculpture is in producing the model. It takes a man of genius to make a statue in clay, while a man of talent can carve it in marble.

We would like to pass over the subject of expression, were it not inseparable from a complete bust or statue. Twenty-five years ago a "grand repose" was all the rage, from the stolidity of a mule to the imperturbable gravity of a mud-turtle. Our people are progressive, and have learned to love and admire works that have life and animation in them. Some people, like their characters, have no expression at all. For instance, the sporting man soon learns to suppress all the mobility of his face, while others never had any to "wipe out."

Others again, whose faces have no more expression than peeled turnips or stone walls, that look tranquilly, and whose eyes remind one of pewter buttons set in lard. Such faces would do for the "grand repose" so much admired by connoisseurs and antiquarians. There are three expressions peculiar to men, to say nothing of ten thousand gradations that intervene.

First. There is the emotional face, such as a man wears while talking to children, or conversing with a charming woman. A bust of a man so treated would be recognized by ladies and children, but never by his male friends.

Second. The animated, or intellectual face, such as we see in the pulpit and forum, all the muscles of the face rigidly alive, such as a statesman would have while chastising an erring brother for getting astride of the political fence.

Third. The last, highest and most difficult to impress on canvas, or in marble, the illuminated face, lighted up with the memory of a glorious deed, or beautiful thought. The last two expressions are appropriated for busts and statues; but the first never—which would only become the simpering sycophant and hypocrite, such as we see in the portraits of Sterne and others. But how are those desirable expressions produced? That is one of the mysteries of the studio. This much is certain. It requires a man of brains to give the impress of mind to matter—that is to the canvas and marble. No man with monkey characteristics can ever go beyond producing the outline, or material form. Such a man is a stranger to the pure expression of soul and beautiful thoughts divine. All great works are, more or less, the reproduction of the artist's or poet's second self.

Our statue is finished; the last impress of the sculptor, the last affectionate touch has been given; it is like the parting of the poet with his manuscript. The statue must be cast. Why? is the prompt inquiry. To prevent it from contracting, or losing any of its fine proportions. A mould is made with plaster of Paris, in sections, over the model. When completed the mould is removed and the clay model destroyed. The mould is carefully cleaned and prepared to receive the plaster, which takes the place of the clay.

When all of the sections made in plaster from the clay model are neatly joined together, so as to look like a complete whole, the plaster model then is ready to be transferred to the foundry to be cast in bronze, or taken from the studio into the carver's shop, where it is copied into stone or marble, by absolute measurements.

Such has been the custom among sculptors for hundreds of years. We regret to say, however, there are several popular fallacies afloat. Such as Michael Angelo's grappling with the marble at once, without the aid of models.

Did he not make snow statues in the Duke's garden to amuse his guests? There are clay models, made by Michael Angelo, at the present time preserved in the city of Florence. All the race of American sculptors in Europe have their models copied into marble by Italian sculptors or carvers.

☞ The Mobile Times says the cold weather has given an impetus to the skaters North, and had the contrary effect on the "skeeters" South.

☞ A freedman in Petersburg wanted a box, weighing three hundred pounds, sent to Richmond by telegraph.

Curious Experiment.

Just at the close of the cholera epidemic in Paris an interesting experiment was tried by Dr. Lorain, one of the physicians of the Hospital St. Antoine, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. As is well-known to the profession, the blood in cholera becomes thick; or, to speak more correctly, loses its watery particles, and does not circulate in the capillary system. Under this state of things the patient grows blue and cold and falls rapidly into collapse. Dr. Lorain thought that when a patient was found in this fatal condition it would be a good thing to inject water into his veins so as to thin the blood again and enable it to circulate to all parts of the body. He first tried the experiment on animals and found it did not kill them. He then took the first collapsed case which came into the hospital, which happened to be a young man with no other bodily ailment than the disease in question. When he was cold, insensible and cadaveric—in a word within an hour or two of his death—Dr. Lorain called his hospital colleagues together, told them what he wanted to do, and asked them their opinion as to the possibility of curing the man by other remedies. With one accord they declared the patient beyond hope of relief, and that the doctor's conscience might be at ease in the trial of the experiment which he proposed. He then, with the usual caution against the intromission of air, injected into the veins at the fold of the arm about twelve ounces of water at a temperature of 104 deg. Fahrenheit. The man soon grew warmer, his pulse became perceptible, he showed unmistakable signs of returning life, and, in fact, sixteen hours after the operation, in the morning, he sat up in bed and asked for a drink. He went on improving, passed through the phases of an ordinary convalescence from cholera, and got well!

Christmas.—By the Romans this anniversary was celebrated under the title of Saturnalia, or the festival of Saturn, and was marked by the prevalence of universal license and merry-making. The slaves were permitted to enjoy for a time a thorough freedom and behavior, and it is even said that their masters waited on them as servants. Every one feasted and rejoiced, work and business were entirely suspended. Presents were made by parents and friends, and all sorts of games and amusements were indulged in by the citizens. In the bleak North the same rejoicings had place, but in a ruder and more barbarous form. The name given by the ancient Goths and Saxons to the festival was Yul or Yule, the latter term forming to the present day the designation in the Scottish dialect of Christmas, and preserved also in the phrase of the Yule-log.

The Cincinnati Gazette tells this story about the young prince of Venango, Pa., oil region. His aunt, owner of the rich oil farm which bears her name, died in 1864, leaving her nephew, then twenty years old, $100,000 in greenbacks, $50,000 in gold, and the farm, which yielded an average *daily* income of $2,000. The young fellow, who had been hitherto well-behaved, was ruined by his fortune, and plunged into all sorts of vice. He became a ready prey to gamblers, losing $100,000 in two nights. He squandered thousands on wine and women; bought jewelry and carriages only to give them away, and having spent all, is now only door-keeper to a company of minstrels.

Business by Wholesale.—The Common Council of New York has made a single job this season of its annual New Year's presents of extra pay to subordinate clerks and attaches. Its donating resolution directs the Comptroller "to draw his warrant in favor of the clerks *and attaches* of the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen for two hundred and fifty dollars each, for extra services rendered to the Committees during the year 1866." It used to be the custom to specify by name the individuals to whom extra pay was awarded; but that formality has now been dispensed with, and the Comptroller may pay anybody he considers an *attache*.

A Mexican Custom.—In Mexico and other Spanish American countries, as also in some parts of Europe, the funerals of children are celebrated with music and the firing of rockets, and with signs of rejoicing rather than of sorrow. The procession is often proceeded by a man playing a lively air on a violin. For it is believed, literally, as said by Christ of little children, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and that to die young secures salvation, as well as to escape from the toils and troubles of life. The corpse of the child is covered with flowers, and its little pale cheeks often painted in imitation of life.

A very peculiar artist has arrived in Brussels, M. Zoni by name, who imitates with his mouth a whole orchestra of instruments, not only separately, but two or three at a time, all without any other assistance than the elasticity of his larynx. Specially excellent in his imitation of the musical snuff-box. Zoni is not only a ventriloquist but a musician, who has arranged divers numbers and overtures for his speciality. His performances attract much attention in Belgium.

A Sorry Spectacle.—We yesterday saw on the street a small cart containing a few blankets, a few old clothes, and a baby, that has been drawn all the way from Georgia by two boys, whose mother has done the cooking on the way. The baby is decidedly the happiest of the party. The woman and the boys are much jaded by their arduous march, and were receiving, when we saw them, donations from charitable gentlemen, who were glad to assist them on their sad, sore journey.—*Louisville paper.*

Flogging in the Boston Schools.—Dr. J. P. Ordway, one of the Boston School Committee, stated that during the past nine months 13,744 cases of corporal punishment have been reported by the teachers of Boston. This would make the number for the year about 18,000. The "moral reformers" of Boston should turn a little of their attention to home affairs, which seem to be suffering from their too great attention to other people's business.

Type Made from India Rubber.—It is stated that a manufactory for making printers' type of vulcanized India rubber has been established at Dalston, England. This new species of type, it is said, is made very quickly, and at one-third the cost of ordinary metallic type, whilst it is claimed that the India rubber type are as durable and of as good quality as those now in use.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Rattle the window, winds,
Rain, drip on the panes!
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,
And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves,
On the dreary flats of sand;
And the blasted limb of the church-yard yew—
It shakes like a ghostly hand!

The dead are sculpted beneath it,
Sunk in the grassy waves!
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
Than the earth in all her graves!

The Rat Nuisance.

Catching rats is often difficult, as old rats are proverbially cunning. Laying around poison is dangerous not alone, but also objectionable, for the reason that rats may die in inaccessible spots and contaminate the atmosphere with the well-known detestable odor. A better plan has been adopted by one of our correspondents, by which he takes advantage of the cunning habits of the rats. He covers the floor near the rat-hole with a thin layer of moist caustic potash; when the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore; these they lick with their tongues, it makes their mouths sore, and the result is that they shun this locality not alone, but appear to tell all the neighboring rats about it, and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them, notwithstanding the neighborhood may be teeming with rats.

Feathers.—A Paris journal, speaking of ladies' dresses, has the annexed: "Another fashion, of an eccentric character, is appearing. It consists of trimmings made of feathers. Formerly a plume or marabout was worn in the bonnet; now the whole person is covered with them, just like the savages of the New World. Sportsmen cannot supply them in sufficient quantity. Feathers of the peacock, partridges, pintado, pheasant, jay, blackbirds, and pigeons are all seized on with eagerness, and even the ducks of poultry-yards are plucked to satisfy the caprice of our fashionable ladies."

☞ There is a 1,800 acre cranberry farm in Michigan.

☞ A Washington correspondent tells this characteristic story concerning the Count Gurowski:—The count was once in a heated argument with Judge L——, when he suddenly said, "Judge L——, I admire you!" "Why," returned the Judge, "I cannot see how you can admire me after calling me such hard names!" "Indeed," roared the count, "I admire everyting eat in perfeck, and you are one perfeck scoundrel!"

☞ In the Senate there are no two members of the same name. In the House there are two Ashleys, two Clarkes, two Hardings, two Hoopers, four Hubbards, two Hubbells, two Lawrences, two Randalls, two Rices, two Taylors, three Thomases, two Van Horns, two Wards, three Washburns, two Wilsons, and—mirabile dictu—*one* Smith!

☞ The Imperial Court of Riom, France, has just decided that the epithet "female" applied to a woman constituted an insult.

☞ Recently the Duke of Hamilton was announced to be present at the Shrewsbury Theatre, and the audience was on tip-toe of expectation at having an opportunity of seeing a "real live duke." His grace, however, did not come, and it occurred to a racing "sport" that the public ought not to be disappointed. He, therefore, laid a wager that he would impersonate the duke, and forthwith proceeded to the seat reserved for that nobleman in the centre box. This was the signal for a general cheer, led by the confederates of the *soi disant* duke. His lordship deigned a bow to each part of the house, then sat down, and enjoyed the opera to his own and the general satisfaction.

☞ The Philadelphia Press gives a summary of the last report on the Girard estate. The estimated gross revenues for 1867–'68 are $330,000, an increase from last year of over fifty per cent. The value of the real estate is constantly increasing, and as it cannot be sold, or leased for a longer period than five years, it must always furnish a large and steady revenue. The trust owns nearly two hundred properties in Philadelphia, consisting of stores, dwellings, wharfs, lots and farms, besides valuable coal and timber lands in Schuylkill and Columbia counties. Some of the rents have been doubled, others trebled. It is to be hoped that the fund will soon be able to support twelve hundred orphans.

☞ Two kinds of fish are plentiful in our rivers now, skates and soles.

☞ Every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher is the slave of some woman.

☞ The Houston (Texas) Telegraph says, an old negro man, who stands very high in the African church in point of religion, fell very sick, and believing that he had the cholera, he immediately commenced praying to the Lord to spare him until he could repent of his evil deeds, adding "that he wasn't half as good as he pretended to be."

☞ Cowper and Cooper.—In old English names the diphthong "ow" used generally to be pronounced "oo." Thus the late Archbishop of Canterbury's name Howley was pronounced Hooley. Earl Cowper's name is pronounced "Cooper," as was the name of the poet William Cowper. C. Y. W.

[In Lowland Scotch, which is, in fact, old English, a cow is invariably called a coo.]

☞ Mr. Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, charges that the leading members of the New York Associated Press colluded with the domestic manufacturers to prevent the repeal of the duty on foreign paper, the object being, of course, to crush out weaker rivals and prevent the establishment of new ones. The Express gives the accusation a *quasi* denial, which exonerates its proprietors. Can the Herald, Tribune and Times do as much?—*New York Atlas.*

☞ A Washington clergyman, in addressing a prayer on behalf of Universal Suffrage, without regard to race, color, age, or sex, said:—"Paradoxical as this may seem to thee, oh Lord! it is nevertheless true."

☞ Bro and Board.—A Lonsdale man publishes the following advertisement in the Woonsocket Patriot: "The young boy that posted his wife Mary, in the last week's Patriot, for leaving his 'bed and board,' brought his wife to my house, five or six weeks ago, sick with the typhoid fever, and agreed to pay her board, which he failed to do. I hereby forbid all fools posting their wives on my bed and board, after this date."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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☞ A clergyman of Western Massachusetts who had prepared with much labor and care an appropriate discourse for the recent Thanksgiving services at his church, was greatly annoyed to find only about thirty hearers, and a majority of those not of his own flock. The following Sunday, being unusually pleasant, a very large congregation assembled at his church, but no minister appeared, and although several times sent for at his residence, he left his congregation to go home sermonless.

☞ In 1863 a man residing not many miles from here was aroused by the grand display, and made a little nervous thereby, but consoled his family by remarking, "I'll go out and see if the morning star has gone; if *that's* gone, it's all over with us."

☞ Dramatic criticism was unsettled in old times, as at present. Notwithstanding Garrick's acknowledged excellence in Hamlet, Dr. Johnson once made the following reply to Boswell's question, "Would not you, sir, *start* as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?" "I hope not," replied the seventy-four; "if I did I should *frighten* the ghost."

☞ The months to life most fatal are February and March, August and September; the first two for throat and lung difficulties, and the latter two for stomach and bowel complaints. May and June are the healthiest months in the year.

☞ When a woman makes you a pair of slippers take care you do not put your foot in it.

A NEW EXCELSIOR.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust—
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lines are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men,
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls:
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

MY SCHOOLFELLOWS.

BY ISA BLAGDEN.

PART II.

A fortnight of three weeks passed away, and with this heavy anxiety at my heart I do not think my studies were very successful, but I was getting almost too old for the ordinary routine of school avocations, so that it was of less consequence.

One morning, as I sat listlessly turning over the leaves of my French history, a note was brought to me. My heart gave a leap. I tore it open. I recognized Lina's hand. It ran thus:—

"My dearest Susan,—Come to me. I have sent Summers for you. Ask Madame to let you come for two or three days.

"Yours affectionately, LINA."

That was all, and yet the characters danced before my eyes, and a choking fear was at my heart. Those three words, "Come to me," seemed fraught with a piercing entreaty. Lina's words were at all times so few that the simplest appeal from her bore a significance which was irresistible. I jumped up and ran to Madame's room, and handed her the note.

"May I go?"

"Certainly. Summers is gone to fetch a cab; you need not return till Monday next for your music-lesson?"

Did Madame guess how passionately I was wanted?

I ran up to dress and put together a few clothes, but I made such haste that I was quite ready by the time the cab arrived. I jumped in before Summers had time to get out, and we were off.

"Oh, tell me, Summers," I said, and I caught her hand and put back her veil. The poor woman's eyes were swollen with crying.

"No, no, Miss Susan, I can't—do not ask me, I cannot speak about it. My poor child!" for so the faithful woman always designated her nursling.

Like all young people, I jumped to conclusions more rapidly than reasonably, and had taken it for granted that Lina was at home again. I did not hear the address given to the cabman, and my surprise was therefore great when the drive extended itself long past any known parts of the town to a suburb at the north of London.

Summers got out at a small house in a very modest-looking crescent, paid the cabman, and holding my parcel in her hand, took a latch-key out of her pocket and let herself in.

"Will you wait a moment, miss?" she said, as after we had gone up-stairs she waited a moment at the drawing-room door.

"Yes," I whispered. All this preparation had frightened me, and I trembled from head to foot. After a few minutes, which seemed ages, Summers beckoned me in.

I passed through a small drawing-room into a smaller bed-room beyond. On the bed, looking as white as death, drooping as a broken lily, was Lina. She put up her arms as I approached, and, impelled by what feeling I know not, I fell on my knees beside the bed. A sense of reverence, such as is inspired by some great bereavement or terrible calamity, overpowered me.

"Dear Susan," said Lina's gentle voice, "tell me about mamma, I have not not seen her for more than a month."

I told her what I knew, and the tears dropped slowly down Lina's cheek.

"But tell me, dear—"

"I wrote to mamma in case I died: there is the letter, will you read it? And then do not speak about it, it is best not."

"Please, ma'am," said Summers, "you must be quiet now; I will give Miss Susan something to eat while you rest."

Lina bent down her dear little face and kissed me. I left her with the letter in my hand. After the lapse of so many years my eyes fill when I remember the few simple words in which poor Lina told her story.

As concisely as the events could well be narrated, I read how she had met at Oakthorpe a certain Mr. Melville, a half-brother of Mrs. Balfour's; Mrs. Balfour was Lina's relative, and the mistress of Oakthorpe. Mr. Melville was in bad health; he had been obliged to give up his profession, the navy, in consequence. The contrast between the bold adventurous life he had formerly led (he had twice joined an Arctic expedition,) and this forced retirement from active life, was a most painful trial to him, and he suffered acutely. Lina became interested in him; he fell in love with her; he was averse, however, to confessing it. When, however, she was sent for by her mother, he betrayed himself in his surprise and regret at the sudden parting. He told her at once that he knew it was hopeless, that no parents in their senses would permit their daughter to marry a man without health and without a profession. Lina thought her mother, at least, would not discourage him, but he entreated her not to confide in any one for the present. "There might be a possibility," he said, "in the future, in the event of his health being better, and he would not throw away the chance; meanwhile, he held her free. As she was not engaged to him, it was unnecessary to speak of him." Lina was always reserved, and as she had nothing to tell but that there was a person who loved her hopelessly and ardently, but to whom she had not even affianced herself, the silence he had enjoined fell in with her own shyness on such subjects. Besides this, she felt, without knowing why, there was a great change in her home. She had a presentiment of coming evil, and a conviction of present danger. Her sensitive mouse-like nature took the alarm, and she kept his secret. She returned to finish her visit at Oakthorpe, and found Mr. Melville much worse, and clinging to her and to her presence with intense though despairing love. As a last hope, though a forlorn one, his medical men ordered him to leave England for Madeira. He refused to leave England; he wished to die, he declared, at Oakthorpe, during Lina's visit. He said he could not part from her and know that before he reached Madeira she would be married to some happier man. At last, after his sister and Lina had exhausted every entreaty, he consented to go, but on one condition, Lina must marry him. The marriage might be a secret one: he would part from her at the altar's foot if she pleased, but he should secure her; and if he survived to return, his beloved would await him, his own faithful bride. Mrs. Balfour was romantic, and young, and devotedly attached to her brother; her influence over Lina induced the latter to consent. Mrs. Balfour arranged everything, and she and Summers witnessed the marriage. (Summers, who had been suspicious of Mr. Norbrecht, was, I believe, delighted to snatch his prey from him.) After ten days the young couple separated, Lina went back to London with Summers, and Mr. Melville sailed. They were to correspond through Mrs. Balfour. Lina repented of her share in this imprudence as soon as she met her mother's loving careworn eyes; but it was too late, her regrets and her anxieties were the cause of her illness. She entreated Mrs. Balfour to release her from her promise of secrecy, but Mrs. Balfour was resolute in not doing so. The accounts from Mr. Melville were encouraging, and in fluctuations of hope and fear Lina passed the time from June till November. She avoided me, for she felt that my keen girlish eyes would have read a secret in her face. Her mother's were so dimmed by incessant tears, shed over her husband's impending ruin, that she only felt that Lina was changed, without the remotest guess at the cause.

Lina returned to London early in November. In a newspaper she had taken up one morning she read among the deaths, Mr. Melville's. Mrs. Balfour was absent from Oakthorpe at the time, and had not been able to write to prepare her for the shock. This was the explanation of her extraordinary grief. Then followed Mr. Norbrecht's proposal: the time was certainly an ill-chosen one, Lina's heart was well-nigh broken. She felt she must fly, "anywhere, anywhere out of the world," where this fatal talk of bridals and bridegrooms would not mock her sorrow for her lost love. To be placed by her father and mother, in what seemed a crisis of their fate, in a position to save them by the terrible sacrifice of herself, and at the same time to hear the knell of perished happiness echoing in her heart, and giving the lie to all the false vows they wished her to take, was more than she could bear. Summers, who alone knew what had happened, saw that absence was necessary, if her young mistress's life and reason were to be spared. She must have a respite; she must weep her first widowed tears alone, before she could, poor child, even listen to what her parents required of her. Summers had a sister who lived at Islington who could receive them, and she and Lina took refuge there. The agitation brought on a brain-fever, and for two or three weeks Lina lay between life and death. She was now recovered, as if from a grave. She wished to return home, but she had not courage to do so till I had seen her mother and told her all.

She had now rested, and I went back to her. She received me with a faint wintry smile.

"You know all now, dear Susan. Will you tell mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell her all, but ask her not to speak to me about it, only to say she forgives me. I could not bear to talk even to her about it yet. I shall get over it in time, and then—and then I will do what she wishes." I saw the drops of perspiration rise to her brow as she spoke. "I will atone to her for all the anxiety I have given her and papa too."

"Must Mr. Rosas know?"

"If mamma thinks it right he should. I feel I deserve all their reproaches and all their blame, but I have suffered, indeed I have."

I stayed with her all that day. She was just as simple and reserved as ever. Never was heroine of a tragic episode less "sensational," if I may so call it, in her manner; and it was this absence of all even unconscious tendency to *poser* which constituted one of Lina's charms. There was so much more depth than appeared externally in all she said or did. It required the gentlest, delicatest touch to draw forth the emotions of that heart, and therefore it was little known or even suspected that few women had deeper or more passionate feelings than Lina.

The next morning I went to Mrs. Rosas. I told her all. Her ecstasy of gratitude that Lina was found—that she was comparatively safe—was indescribable. She seemed, in truth, to have been called "out of the depths" to life and light. There was no blame, no reproach, only joy.

"Only let her return—my poor Lina!"

"Shall you tell Mr. Rosas?"

She paused, and her face changed.

"Yes, I will tell him," she said, after an effort. "He may bear it better now, for Mr. Norbrecht has left England, and a sudden change in the money market has enabled Mr. Rosas to pay him part of our debt. I will tell him," she said. "I will go at once, and we will both go to Lina, and fetch her home. If all is right, I will wave my handkerchief out of window."

She went. What arguments or what precise explanations she made use of I knew not at the time, but they must have been cogent, and of the kind best understood by her husband, for she conquered him. At first his rage was terrible, and he would have cursed Lina, but she overruled him, so that he consented to accompany her, and, what was more, she succeeded in making him swear that not a word should be uttered to her of reproach or blame. Within the last twelve months Mrs. Rosas had learned the limits of her husband's parental love, and knew how to manage him. I may as well mention here what I only learned afterwards. The mother's diamonds and dowry had purchased the daughter's pardon, as some other valuable jewels—her pearls—had bought the fatal permission to go to Oakthorpe, which had been the indirect cause of all this grief.

I watched them from the dining-room. I saw a cab drive up; a handkerchief fluttered at the window for a moment. When they came in, Mr. Rosas seemed to think it necessary to feign entire ignorance of what had happened.

"Is dinner ready?" he asked, as he came in.

"Sir! it is only five o'clock," answered the servant, in a surprised and aggravated tone.

"Ah! Well, I shall go out for a walk till six. Lina, you had better have some tea. You have had a long journey. How do you do, Susan? What a stranger you have been lately. Well, I'm off. By, by;" and thinking he had effectually stopped all conjectures on the part of the servants, he went out.

As soon as the door closed on him, mother and daughter fell into each other's arms. They could not imitate him, or comply with his love for hollow falsehoods for the sake of keeping up appearances. What mattered aught else? They were together again, after what might have been an eternal parting. Lina sunk through her mother's arms, lower and lower, till she was on her knees.

"Forgive me, dear. I must have been mad to leave you. But it was all so dreadful, and I think from the moment that I read in that paper that my husband was dead, I was not right in my mind."

There was something very touching in the way Lina pronounced the word husband. She was not in mourning. She looked as girlish as ever; but one could see what a terrible blow she had received. Mrs. Rosas looked transfigured. She was always more demonstrative in her feelings than Lina, and she kissed her and cried over her, and cried over her and kissed her, till she was exhausted.

When dinner came, Mr. Rosas appeared. He had a kind of all's-well-that-ends-well expression in his countenance which provoked me, but we all humored him, and talked of trivial every-day matters; but there was a look about his wife's and daughter's face which was in direct contradiction with the false smoothness of his. They looked as those saved from shipwreck look during the first hour of gratitude and of terror. Everything afterwards seemed to go on as before the first visit to Oakthorpe.

Lina was devoted to her mother, and gently submissive to her father. But she seemed to have lived her life, and to be now in a mere death-in-life state. Her own individuality was merged in that of her parents. There was another significant change. She sang no more. Her voice was gone!

I passed Christmas with them. It was the first sad one I had ever known. Like the Lady of Shalott, my mirror of careless youth was broken, and life was no longer a faint and shadowy reflection, but a tragical reality. I was brought face to face with a deep sorrow, a terrible fear, a great wrong. Lina, her mother, her father, had each and all suffered acutely. With the affliction and anxiety of the two first I sympathized profoundly. There was, besides, a general sense of insecurity about the household, a feeling that some catastrophe was imminent. Mr. Norbrecht had been paid, but there were creditors on all sides. Mr. Rosas had speculated away his enormous fortune in the most reckless manner. It could only be explained by the supposition that the insanity which developed itself later, was latent even then. I returned to school, and the first break in my long intercourse with Lina was made by a change in my own fate. I was sent for by an aunt, my only surviving relative. I left London for Devonshire. She was ill, and I was detained with her for a year. Three months after I went I received the following letter from Lina:—

"We are going away, dear Susan. Papa is ruined. God bless you. Do not forget me. When I return, if ever, I shall go to you. Papa will not allow me to say where we are going. I love you, dear Susan, and shall love you always."

This was the last letter I received from her, and the last I heard of her for nearly twenty years.

I need not say how often and how sadly during that period I thought of the bright-eyed companion of my early youth. She, who was the envied one amongst us all, and who seemed to us called to such brilliant destinies, had vanished into obscurity; and I, for one, was filled with apprehensions at what might be her fate. But I was wrong throughout. If her youth was not spent in the Arabia Felix I had anticipated for her, neither was her maturity doomed to the Arabia Petræ I had feared.

About twenty years after I had received Lina's letter, I was travelling with some friends in Switzerland, and for the first time came upon a trace of Lina. At a *table d'hôte* I met Mrs. Balfour. We had committed the unpardonable sin, in some English eyes, of speaking without being introduced. On the second day, speaking of the beauty of different countries, she mentioned her own place—Oakthorpe. I started as if I had been shot, and in a moment told her who I was, and asked about Lina. She told me she heard occasionally from her. It appears that Mr. Melville had left a will, by which half his property, about £5,000, was left to Lina. Mr. Rosas had left England deeply in debt, and had, therefore, left no clue to his foreign abode. Several years passed before he could be discovered. At last Mrs. Rosas and Lina were found. Mr. Rosas was in a mad-house, and the mother and daughter were earning a laborious livelihood—the mother by embroidery, the daughter by teaching music. Mrs. Balfour told me how nobly Lina had behaved. She would not hear at first of accepting a farthing of her legacy; but when Mrs. Balfour wrote herself to tell her that she must do so, or that the property would revert to the Crown, for there was no other heir to it, Lina wrote, giving orders that it should be all employed in the payment of her father's debts. She said that her mother and herself preferred laboring for their daily bread to living in ease on poor Melville's money. In fact, that episode of her life was so painful to her that she rejected an offer of Mrs. Balfour's to visit her in a way that precluded Mrs. Balfour from repeating it. She wished to forget, she said, for her mother's sake as well as her own. But, during the settlement of these debts, which

had spread over a number of years, Mrs. Balfour had heard from time to time of Lina, through the solicitor charged with the liquidation of them. The last she had heard was that Lina was married to a Mr. Salbach, in the neighborhood of Lucerne. That was enough for me; the next day saw me on my road to Lucerne. Arrived at the hotel, I despatched a note with the vague address of "Madame Salbach, near Lucerne." To my amazement the very next day I received an answer from Lina.

"Come to see me," she said; "I can scarcely believe it possible. Come directly, if you can." A few directions how to find the house, and that was all. Lina Salbach—how I looked at the well-known writing in which was signed the strange name!

I took a carriage and drove some miles out of Lucerne; I was so impatient the time seemed interminable. How different it had all been from our early dreams. At last a white house with two turrets rising up at each side stood before me in the middle of some farm buildings. The carriage drove into a farm-yard, and I was deposited at the door of a rude-looking mansion, half farm, half school. When a Swiss house is not elaborately quaint, is is vulgarly mediocre, and this house was certainly a very ugly one.

As I hastened upstairs, I stopped the servant who had opened the door for me.

"How is your mistress? Is her mother with her?"

"Madame is very well for her, she is never very well; but does not the lady know that Madame's mother is dead; she died here five years ago."

I suppose I turned so pale that the woman noticed it.

"Apparemment Madame knew that bonne Madame Rosas. She came here fifteen years ago with her daughter when she married Monsieur, and was like an angel, so good, so reasonable, so charitable."

I hastened into the little drawing-room. I could not check my tears, for over the fire-place, facing me as I entered, was a portrait of Mrs. Rosas. It was badly painted, but there was a faint shadow of her smile, and of the tenderness of her eyes, and not even the rude painting could obscure these. The next thing which struck me was that as I had often noticed in the drawing-room at B——— Square, there was more than the usual proportion of needle-work in it.

To some eyes, these evidences of patient industry would have revealed much. Both the mother and the daughter's lives were told by the same mute witness. A few minutes passed and Lina entered. Was she changed? No—yes! At first the large black eyes, the tiny features, the delicate complexion, the smooth hair, looked just as they did twenty years ago. A second look showed that these were all there, but the expression was changed; there was no vitality in it. It was the same death-in-life look, but now abiding and fixed, which had been faintly shadowed forth when she returned home after Melville's death. Lina—the former Lina—was dead, had been dead all these years. There was another change; the elegance, the taste in dress, the coquettish prettinesses, were all gone. A drab-colored dress, worn, or rather undergone; hair smooth, but folded back with only the idea of being put out of the way; a stoop in the figure replaced the winged Psyche, bright and buoyant, of former times. In a few minutes an old lady entered.

"My mother-in-law," said Lina; and then the mother-in-law took all the talking into her hands, and Lina sat beside me, silent, holding my hand. I felt now and then a tremulous motion in hers, as if the pulse was beating strong and fast, but that was all.

Presently two little girls entered.

"Yours, Lina?"

"Yes," she said; "this is Mary, and this is Susan. I named them after mamma and you."

The little girls were fine little creatures, and promised to be much taller than their tiny mamma, but they had nothing of her grace.

What a contrast between this home and the one in which Lina and I sat side by side in the days long ago! The furniture was so simple, the arrangements so homely; but instead of the poor view of opposite houses, which was all we saw before us then, what a glorious panorama presented itself from the small windows near which we now sat. Here was compensation, I acknowledged.

The mother-in-law was animated, and talked with a great deal of cleverness and spirit. She was evidently fond of Lina and of the children; but her face grew radiant when she talked of her son. She was to her what Lina had been to Mrs. Rosas. I could scarcely realize the fact that Lina was only the second figure in the domestic group; I had so long seen her the first, the centre of all.

While we were talking, Mr. Salbach came in. He welcomed me with grave kindness, asked some eager questions about a cow that was expected to calve, pinched his little girls' ears, and then went into the garden to smoke and read his newspaper. His mother followed him.

"Are you happy, Lina?" I said.

"Yes, Susan, and mamma was happy, which was best of all."

"She lived here with you?"

"Yes; Jacques has been very good to us all. When we were all but hopeless, papa so ill, and we almost unable to support him as it was right he should be supported, Jacques came forward and asked me to be his wife. I told him all. I would rather never have married, but I saw mamma wished it, and I had promised her I would atone for all the anxiety I had caused her by doing exactly as she wished in everything. I did so."

"And you are happy?"

"Yes; mamma lived ten years with me here. She died, a year after my Susan was born, with my hand in hers, contented and at peace."

I looked round the room. She smiled, for she understood me.

"Yes, this is all very different from our home in England, but I like it better; so did mamma. We are at peace here, and there she suffered so much, and all its splendor had to be so dearly paid for at last."

"Mr. Rosas?"

"He died many years before mamma."

She spoke quietly as of old. I explored her face, and tried to read its calm.

"You remind me of old days, looking at me so earnestly."

"I should like to read your heart, Lina."

"It is not difficult; I am satisfied with my lot. I had a great shock once: it is as if I had lost some limb or some sense; I am perfectly recovered, but of course I cannot be as I was before."

"This is so different—" I said.

"From our early dreams—yes; there are no diamonds and court-dresses, and no prince; but I have the Sunday-schools and the children. I have, what is best of all, duties to fulfill here, and hopes to look forward to in heaven. To you my life may seem a dreary one—you do not see what is in it; it is like this opal, which appears nothing but a milky monotony, but holds fast in its centre a spark of fire."

"I see," I said; "they are all kind, good-humored, and unselfish; but the smile yonder (I pointed to the portrait of Mrs. Rosas) has more warmth and heart in it."

Lina sighed.

"You are unjust, Susan. I was loved more than I deserved by her; it is better for me now to feel it is my turn to love."

Mr. Salbach came in, and we recommenced talking German. I saw that he esteemed her and was kind to her, and that he was an upright and just man; but—but—alas! I had expected such a different husband for my fairy queen.

Some visitors came in while I was spending the day at Wienacht, and I could see by the manner Lina received them that all the liberal sweetness of her innocent love of pleasing was gone.

That night she came into my bed-room, while I undressed. "Jacques is asleep," she said, "and so we can have a little chat."

We talked till dawn. We watched the snowy mountains opposite, shining in their white splendor beneath the stars, and then saw them fade gradually into the grey and ghastly dawn.

"I am so glad to have seen your home," I said; "I can now picture you to myself as something real, not as the visionary memory I have had all these years."

"I do not feel real always," said Lina, "and you seem to make the present more shadowy than ever; you belong so entirely to my living past, to the day that is gone, not to this night, or rather to this new dawn."

There was a look in Lina's face as she said this, that made me think of the expression in that Hope of Guido's I gave her so long ago; that Hope with upturned eyes which ought to be called Faith or Patience.

I kissed her. She turned quickly.

"But you must not think I am not happy. I am, perhaps, not so happy as we fancied I should be—at least, not happy in the same way, but happier than many are. Are Olivia, Gertrude, Ellinor, happier than I? And you, Susan, the least fortunate of us all once, is there one of us with whom you would change now?"

"As to me—" I said; "but no matter, it is useless to talk of one's self; but for you I had anticipated such a full feast of happiness."

"Be assured, Susan, that I am not unhappy; and believe also, as I believe, that the good wine will come later; the water will be made wine yonder," she looked up, "for I love, and I hope, and I trust."

The next morning I bade her adieu. I was rejoiced to have found her, glad that her home was so peaceful a one, but in my heart was a questioning regret. I confess I was very foolish. Life is never an entire fulfillment or an absolute failure; there is a middle path we none of us look forward to, which is the one apportioned to us all. It is safest after all for the "dear gazelle" to "marry the market-gardener."

IN SILENCE AND ALONE.

In silence and alone, to-night,
I watch the solemn stars arise,
Till, orb by orb, heaven's wearying light
Drops down behind the western skies.

They keep their watch, nor know of mine;
Unmindful still of blame or praise,
Without a token or a sign,
They walk their cold, celestial ways.

And shining through each nightly hour,
More fair than star of morn or even,
Unfolds the golden crescent-flower,
That monthly blooms and fades in heaven.

Nor blooms more fair that beauteous eyes
Behold her shine through happy years;
Nor fades the sooner from the skies,
That some, like mine, are dim with tears.

I know of one whose earthly grace
Doth perish, slowly, day by day,
The twilight beauty of her face,
More tender as it fades away.

And still! the heavenly hosts move on,
And coldly shine on land and wave,
And still the golden moon flings down
Her careless light on many a grave.

Duties of a Lady's-Maid.

One of these not-to-be-envied persons has lately made disclosures throwing some light upon the women of rank in England. "Much is required from us in London," one of them writes: "We must, above all, be very punctual, for fashionable ladies change their dress at least five times a day during the season. We must have polished manners, be no older than thirty-five years, and always be cheerful and good-tempered, although for weeks we are kept without sleep until four o'clock in the morning—a practice which is equally injurious to eyes and lungs. We are expected to cut and fit, and to use the most improved machine, and to dress hair for the morning, evening, and court costume, as well as for the drive; to iron well, to read, write, and cipher; to speak French and German, and, if possible, to have travelled.

"There is still another function of a lady's-maid which is supposed to be a modern introduction, but which is, in fact, merely a revival of an ancient custom. We must be able to paint in pastel, not, indeed, *after* nature, but *upon* her. To beautify our mistresses we must redden the cheeks, put antimony upon the eyelids, pastel upon the brows, introduce belladonna into eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, paint blue veins upon the temples, and use Ninon paint and pearl-white upon the rest of the skin. We must change the hair to a reddish-brown by means of a corroding material, or of 'palma vecchio,' which is now used in preference, for that purpose; and we must be possessed of great skill in applying all these ingredients, as their use is universal with the old as well as with the young."

☞ A gentleman, upon being asked what was the reason of the present fashion of loading young ladies' necks with huge chains, replied that it was to keep the dear angels earthward, lest they should soar away—so they were made to "carry weight."

☞ Irreverent.—A champagne cork popped in a church in San Francisco during service and exposed the conduct of the irreverent hymn-singers.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We're married, they say, and you think you have won me—
Well, take this white veil from my head, and look on me:
Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you,
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you—
I am all, as you see, common earth, common dew;
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!

Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold,
And see if you have me to keep and to hold—
Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sinning—
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning—
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your praises
As the turf at your feet does its handfull of daisies—
That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride,
But, mark you, if greener grass grow either side,
I shall know it, and, keeping in body with you,
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married! O, pray that our love do not fail!
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil:
They are subtle as light—you can never undo them—
And swift in their flight—you can never pursue them,
And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me,
I am yours for my lifetime, and to be what you make me—
To wear my white veil for a sign, or a cover,
As you shall be proven my lord, or my lover;
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of a bliss that can never be written or spoken.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. JERVIS OFF DUTY.

Mr. Jervis was taking his evening airing at the pantry door. The onerous and responsible duties of Mr. Jervis's day were over, and he looked very much at his ease—probably felt so—as he leaned against the door-post, in an attitude which displayed his somewhat portly figure to the greatest advantage. Mr. Jervis's *sanctum* was a large, airy apartment on the basement floor, and it opened out upon a sort of verandah, which extended all along the side of the house, and embraced in its patronage the housekeeper's room, the still-room, and other "superior" (as Mr. Jervis was fond of pointing out to visitors) offices. The taste which had elsewhere enriched every nook with blossom had made this verandah a perfect bower of bloom. The fragrant clouds ascended from Mr. Jervis's cheroot to mingle with the scent of jasmine and clematis, and with the faint, sweet breath of late-blooming roses.

Turning the corner from where this verandah ended, another and still more "superior" section of the building commenced. Lawns and flower-beds faced the windows of the billiard-room and state drawing-room, whilst at the corner, where the end of the verandah aforesaid formed a nucleus for the growth of flowery beauty—thick enough to form a screen—a few steps and a glass door gave entrance to a small octagon-shaped chamber. The walls of this chamber, which people came upon quite as a surprise, were hung with a green trellis-work of paper, on which clustered and climbed glowing imitations of the outside loveliness. The curtains which shaded the windows, and those which veiled the bed, were of flowered chintz; the carpet was strewed with roses; the very ceiling was embossed in white wreaths. This "Garden Bower," as it was called, had been a pretty, fanciful whim of Sir Walter Armytage's young wife of fifty years ago, and although never used since her premature death, a tender love for her memory had kept it in the same order and design. When the paper faded it was replaced by a new one of the same pattern; when moth and dust and too-intrusive sunshine had dimmed the lustre of the flower-besprinkled chintz, it was re-hung in pristine freshness. Here was revealed the soft spot in the heart of the stern old man—only stern, perhaps, because of the blighted tenderness, the choked-up streams of love and happiness, which, turned inwards upon themselves, flowed in a devastating flood over the fair fields of hope, and found vent only to trickle forth in this little rill of gentle remembrance.

So the loving and beloved amongst us live two lives: the one, a visible life before men; the other, when the grave has closed upon the first, an invisible life in the hearts and the memories of those who cherished them—a second life, more lovely, more pure, more blameless than the first.

Miss Ursula and her nieces, hearing the touching story of the "Garden Bower" from the grand old housekeeper—foster-sister to the dead baronet—received it after the manner of their several natures. Miss Ursula, whose heart beat its own secret response to the tale, wiped away a furtive tear. Olive whispered—

"Aunt Ursula, we will never use this room: we will keep it always sacred."

Whilst Claris, flattering hither and thither, praised the richness of the lace upon the dressing-table, and surveyed herself in the mirrors, and walked through the glass doors into the garden, talking in a loud voice all the time.

"A very pretty story—quite a romance! There must be lots of such stories connected with this fine old place; and surely there is a ghost, is there not, Mrs. ——, Mrs. ——?"

"Gaythorn, miss," bowed the satin-clad dame.

"Mrs. Gaythorn," Claris repeated. "I ought not to forget your name—it is so uncommon. I shall remember it now; and I must come down to your room, Mrs. Gaythorn, and hear all the legends of the house; for, of course, you know them all."

Mrs. Gaythorn, coloring with pride and gratification, acknowledged that she did, and that whenever the young lady would be pleased to honor her with a visit, she would be proud to tell her all she knew of her great ancestors—which word Mrs. Gaythorn pronounced with an emphasis on the second syllable which certainly added to its importance. And Mrs. Gaythorn thought, at the same time, what a charming, affable young lady Claris was—"so noble-looking, too—every inch an Armytage!"

"A delicious little corner!" Claris finally pronounced, standing at the door to take a last survey of the apartment. "I believe I shall come and establish myself here when the summer comes. It would really be a pity not to use such a pretty, snug little nest."

And Miss Ursula, sighing gently, thought to herself that it would have to be so sooner or later. The spirit of love, which had for so long inhabited that little chamber, had departed with the dead baronet, and the deserted shrine must even come to common uses. Only she felt that she could not have found it in her heart to disturb the relics of so much past love and constancy.

But Claris, immersed in visits and receptions, and in the many important duties which she took upon herself, let that first summer pass by without remembering the "Garden Bower." Now, however, she suddenly recurred to her old idea. Mr. Jervis, leaning, as we have said, in all the luxury of idleness, against the door of the pantry, was disturbed by a knocking at the other and inner door.

"Come in!" said Mr. Jervis, taking his cigar from his mouth for the greater facility of speech, but in no otherwise changing his comfortable position.

But, instead of coming in, the applicant for admission only knocked again, and more loudly.

"Mr. Jervis was very good-natured, so he merely indulged in a lazy sigh as he proceeded to open the door to his diffident visitor. A pile of shadowy and unsubstantial garments massed into an erect but indistinguishable form, and some yards of flowing drapery, were all that met his view. Only a voice somewhere in the background asked—

"Mr. Jervis, will you let me pass through your room?"

Mr. Jervis's cheeks grew very red, and his heart bumped very loudly against his waistcoat. The voice exercised a certain magical influence over that organ in Mr. Jervis's bosom. Behind the drapery was concealed the form which Mr. Jervis, in his secret soul, was wont to apostrophise in the words of the song—

"She's all my fancy painted her:
She's lovely—she's divine!"

"Bless me, Miss Perks!" he cried, with considerable animation, "I had no Aidear it was you, or I shouldn't have kept you so long at the door. *Hallow* me." And in his eagerness to assist the fair object of his devotion, he proceeded to crumple a rose-colored tarlatane skirt and a black lace shawl between his zealous but inexperienced fingers.

"Thank you, Mr. Jervis," replied Miss Perks, gathering the threatened finery back into her own hands. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind taking this dressing-case instead. You see, Miss Claris has got a fancy to-day to move into the "Garden Bower," and I'm bringing down her things; but I've locked the door and left the key in her dressing-room, like a stupid that I am." (Mr. Jervis looked properly deprecating.) "But the glass door is open, and so I thought you wouldn't mind my coming through your room."

Mr. Jervis didn't mind at all—quite the contrary—and he said so. And neither did he mind carrying the dressing-case to the glass door; and when he got there he discovered that a blind had become disarranged and required a nail or two, which he hastened to fetch from his own apartment; and after this he found that he could be useful to Miss Perks in various small matters, which occupied so much time that both Mr. Jervis and Miss Perks were found to disregard the supper-bell of the "superior" domestics.

"It's much too warm for eating," said Mr. Jervis, wiping his hot forehead.

"It is," responded the lady of his heart; "and what's more, it's a great deal too warm for all this moving and worrying. You see, Miss Claris is so thoughtless; she might just as well have told me this morning she wanted to change her room, and then I could have taken my time about it; but only after lunch she said, 'Move everything into the Garden Bower.' So I made Ann do the heavy part, and it's taken me till now to get everything to rights. But Miss Claris isn't like Miss Olive; *she* wouldn't put anybody about so ill-convenient. Do you know, Mr. Jervis," continued Miss Perks, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, "I don't half like it. It doesn't seem to me right to use this room that they say has been kept just so for so many years. I don't believe it's lucky."

Mr. Jervis, feeling himself honored by a most unexpected amount of confidence on Miss Perks's part, and considerably elated thereat, gallantly replied that, for his part, he believed the change to be "pertickler lucky." Proximity to Miss Claris necessarily implied proximity to Miss Perks, and Mr. Jervis was fully alive to his unexpected advantages. He waxed bold upon the strength of them, and Miss Perks's arrangements being completed, he ventured to suggest a turn or two in the verandah.

Now be it understood that, although the preference of Mr. Jervis was a thing perfectly well known and recognized throughout the establishment, Miss Perks could never, up to this point, have been said to have given that functionary any encouragement; it suited her, for some reason or another, to ignore the butler's very evident devotion. The maids said she was "a deep one—the worst kind of flirt;" that "she only held back to draw him on," etc. The men were mostly of opinion that "she didn't care a button for Jervis;" he was "wasting his time," whilst Mr. Jervis felt himself held at a most perplexing and mortifying distance.

Under these circumstances, his proposition, simple enough at another time, was sufficiently bold and hazardous. Miss Perks hesitated.

"It's uncommon hot," faltered the would-be suitor; "a walk 'll do you good, miss."

"Well," replied the lady at last, "I've no objection; and perhaps Mrs. Gaythorn would take a walk too."

Mr. Jervis looked crestfallen.

"Mrs. Gaythorn is afraid of the evening *hair*," he suggested; "but we can ask her, if you like."

And so they did, but Mrs. Gaythorn declined to "spoil sport." Her sympathies were on Mr. Jervis's side.

Miss Perks was blessed with a considerable amount of good sense. She began to see that any further opposition would be ridiculous, and she accordingly yielded with as good a grace as she could, talking down whatever embarrassment she may have felt, and effectually silencing the heated butler by her very unusual volubility. The night had settled down close and sultry; the footfalls of the pair sounded back from the hardened ground, dried up by a month of sunny drought. Miss Perks's rapid rattle of talk hung upon the heavy air in her track. Grave Mrs. Gaythorn, winding up her watch for the night, glanced out of her open window, and nodded to herself with a certain knowledgeable satisfaction; whilst poor Mr. Jervis, his courage beaten down by the relentless pelt of monologue, was calculating in a hot muddle of mind how little he was likely to gain by the move from which he had hoped so much. But all things come to an end in time, and Miss Perks's breath and ready wit suddenly failed her at one and the same moment. Mr. Jervis rallied his demoralized forces, and seized the occasion.

"Hem! a—hem!" he coughed. "Have you any fancy for the public line, Miss Perks?"

Miss Perks had run completely down, like a Dutch clock, and she was at his mercy.

"La, Mr. Jervis!" she giggled in a sort of sickly, helpless way, "what do you mean?"

This was exactly the question Mr. Jervis wanted to be asked, and he proceeded to answer it with considerable eagerness.

"Look here, Miss Perks: I've lived twenty years in good families, and I've saved a good bit of money—enough to set me up in a first-rate business. I'm turned of forty, Miss Perks, and I think it's about time I was my own master. Not but what Miss Armytage is the best of mistresses; but the time's sure to come when a man wants a home of his own, and a wife and family about him, and that time's come to me. Besides which, Miss Perks, I think you can't have helped seeing that—that I'm very fond of you, and if you'll only consent to have me, my heart and hand is yours, and I hope I shall make you always happy and comfortable."

Miss Perks had stopped short when he began, with a sort of desperate submission to circumstances to hear him out. She was standing near one of the posts of the verandah—a green-painted pillar wreathed about with a rose-tree, the white flowers of which gleamed ghost-like through the dim twilight. It was a splendid offer for her—an offer which had been coveted by many an ambitious Abigail. There was an inflection in Mr. Jervis's voice when he spoke of his "bit of money" which told of conscious dignity and a due sense of the value of his offer. Yet Miss Perks did not give it the instant appreciation it seemed to deserve. She trembled very much, so much that she was glad to lay her hand upon the post to steady herself. If it had been light enough, Mr. Jervis would have seen a quick flush of something like joy pass across her face when he spoke of his love; as it was, he noticed only a paleness which he fancied was the shadow of the moonless night. He went on, not exactly encouraged by her silence, but because, having once given himself an impetus, he could not stop—

"I know of a good snug business—a public-house where we might make a very handsome living, and be quite like gentry too. None of your low pot-house work, but a thorough genteel country connection, with a little farm at the back—some forty acres or so—where Hubbard, that has it now, grows corn for all the horses that come to him, and makes butter enough to pay the rent of the house too. It's a pretty place too, with a wood in front, and nightingales, and chickens, and pigeons, and a porch covered with honeysuckle, and first-rate stables. I'm sure we could be as happy as the day's long."

"Don't, Mr. Jervis—pray don't say any more!" gasped Miss Perks at last.

And as she spoke, she crushed herself with unconscious energy against the pillar, and her restless, quivering fingers strewed a shower of white rose-leaves at her feet.

"Why—why not?" stammered the poor man, descending suddenly from his elevation. "If you're bespoke already, Miss Perks, you've only to say so. I don't want to stand in any one's way, and I don't want to take any man's leavings. Only, I must say, I don't feel as I've been well treated, when we've been living together going on for two years, and my meaning has been pretty plain, that you shouldn't have let me know as much before!" His wounded feeling had quickened into irritation, and in his irritation he was disposed to be unjust.

A great struggle was going on in Miss Perks's breast—an unaccountable struggle. For she was very favorably disposed towards the butler; his proposal of the future "public," the nightingales and stables, the porch and the chickens, and, above all, of the love which went with them, was to her heart of hearts a glimpse of Elysium—a blessed rest for which, once opened up to her, she longed, as a weary traveller longs for his journey's end. And she was so weary!

She trembled very much, like one who has just narrowly escaped a great danger—who has battled almost to the death with a great temptation, and has come out torn and wounded, but victorious—a victory which costs as much as a defeat—when she laid her hand upon the butler's arm, and said—

"You have no call to be angry with me, Mr. Jervis. I hav'n't walked with any one since I was a girl of eighteen, and I'm seven-and-twenty now, and I don't care for anybody else. I'm very much obliged to you for your offer, and I don't say no to it. But I don't say yes." She was collected again now—her habit of self-command had returned to her—"I'll ask you to give me time, Mr. Jervis, to consider about it and give you my answer."

Oh these cold and hot alternations; these Turkish baths of love! Mr. Jervis, plunged a minute since into the depths of despair, is suddenly brought to a warm glow of hope.

"Miss Perks!" he exclaimed, with lively emphasis, "I'm willing to wait. I shall be pleased to wait *any* time."

"Then this day six months," quietly rejoined Miss Perks.

Mr. Jervis straightway entered a cooler atmosphere. "Six months!" he repeated. "Isn't that—eh?—rather a long time?"

"It's the shortest I can give," said Miss Perks, decisively, "and if it's too long, I can't help it. Good night, Mr. Jervis." And before he could remonstrate, she had gone.

Mr. Jervis returned slowly to his *sanctum*, and as slowly put himself to bed; his spirits were depressed, and he didn't feel as if he should sleep that night.

"Eleven o'clock," he said, as he put out the light. "I wonder if she's sitting up still for Miss Claris?"

Drawing aside his blind, he looked towards the window of the Garden Bower. Yes, there gleamed still the single light which told of the maid's solitary watch. When the mistress came, the wax candles on the toilet and before the

large mirror would be lighted up; until then, Miss Perks waited by the gleam of her chamber-lamp.

"Everybody else is in bed, thought Mr. Jarvis, as he took a comprehensive survey of the long parallel line of windows to his left. "Mrs. Gaythorn's light is out. It's a shame of Miss Claris to keep that poor thing all this time."

But what cared Miss Claris? Never had she been in higher spirits, never had she shown less inclination to end the day.

Miss Perks waited on patiently in the Garden Bower with wonderful patience, considering that the task of needlework which generally beguiled these waiting hours was absent from her hands, and that those busy members lay idly folded in her lap. For Miss Perks's thoughts had work enough to do just then; they travelled—it is impossible to say how far they travelled—to what unwelcome backward stage of memory—for, at last Miss Perks's face grew set and stern, and as if to shake off some troublesome phantom of memory, she lifted the blind and looked out into the still night. Then, as if some movement were necessary to her, she busied herself in doing over again the little offices of preparation which were already done—she re-arranged the ivory-handled brushes on the table, she folded anew the white dressing-gown which hung over the chair set ready for her mistress's toilet; then, walking to the bed, she shook the lace-edged pillow and smoothed afresh the dainty linen sheet. It was then that, turning back towards the window, she saw, standing just within the glass door, the figure of a man, a squalid, ruffianly man in a ragged surtout, and with heavy, beetling brows shadowed by a battered, dirty wideawake. And this man uttered but one word—

"Mary!"

It may have been that long years of caution had taught her to suppress all outward demonstration; it may have been that through all those long years she had been always looking for just this appearance, and training herself to meet it. For she gave no start of surprise, she uttered no cry; only she stepped back to the inner door of the room, and noiselessly turned the key in the lock. Then she nodded towards the squalid, ruffianly man, and said quietly—

"So you have come back again?"

It was six years and six months since she had parted from him, and yet her tone was as unconcerned, as matter-of-course, as if only a week of absence had stood between them.

"Yes, Mary," he said in a sullen tone, "I've come back again. You don't seem over-glad to see me."

"Glad to see him!" when his reappearance closed so pitilessly, for ever, the gates of that Paradise into which, this evening, she had dared to look—into which she had dared for one brief hour to hope she might yet enter! In her county there was a delusion current among the simple folk that seven years of absence could break the marriage vow, and make the wife as good as dead to the husband, and the husband dead to the wife. Brought up amongst those who believed this, she had believed it too, and had suffered these weary months and years of probation with a trembling hope that release might lie at the end—release from a hateful tie which had held firm through blood and crime, through loathing and hatred. And when only six months lay between her and blessed freedom, her years of patient waiting were thus made to count for nought. "Glad to see him!"

Her cheek blanched as all this swept over her mind, and she answered firmly—

"No. I'm *not* glad to see you: why should I be? I'm sorry for your own sake, and I'm bitterly sorry for mine. What do you want with me?"

He looked up at her furtively from under his shaggy eyebrows, and a certain wistfulness sounded through his sullen tones as he replied—

"I've been so hunted! I've had such a dog's life, I'd liefer die than live this minute!"

Oh! it must have been a hideous, damning crime which had killed so dead within her the love she had borne the husband of her youth, that no single heart-throb woke again at the sound of his despair; it must have been a cruel, deadly sin which had so stifled in her woman's breast every spark of tender pity that she—a woman, and a wife—could now coldly say to him—

"You've had no more than you deserve."

It roused him; he clenched his hand; his bloodshot eyes glared dangerously.

"D——n you!" he uttered, "is that all you've got to say to me?"

She never quailed; she was a brave woman, at least. She took out her purse.

"No, it's not all," she said; "I told you before, and I tell you again now, that we're nothing to each other no more, not so much as if we were strangers. I've got a good place here, and if you come about me I shall lose it. As long as I keep it, I'll give you fifteen pounds a year; my wages is twenty; and I'll send it to you by post-office order wherever you like—as far away as you like, the farther the better; I took my quarter's money to-day—five pounds—here's four for you."

He took a sudden step forward, and would have wrested the purse from her hand, but she was too quick for him.

"I'll have it all!" he swore.

"No, you won't!" she said, slipping the purse into her bosom with one hand, whilst she thrust him back with the other. "Touch me again and I'll raise the house! You see this bell—the butler sleeps close by. *I'll tell them what you are.*"

He stood close to her still, struggling with demoniac passion, his upraised hand arrested in the act of striking, when the glass door was pushed suddenly open, and Mr. Jarvis, with signs of a hurried toilet about him, stood just within the room.

"Hallo!" he cried.

She sprang forward, and thrust her hand before his mouth.

"Don't!" she cried passionately, but under her breath—"don't speak, for mercy's sake! I'm quite safe."

Mr. Jarvis looked from one to the other.

"Is it robbers?" he asked.

"No, no!" she gasped, "I—I—know him."

Mr. Jarvis looked again—*hard*—at the ragged surtout, at the ruffianly man, and by an involuntarily movement placed himself still farther by the door of exit.

"Let him go!" cried Miss Perks frantically—"let him go before Miss Claris comes!"

In her eagerness she laid her hand upon his arm; he stood aside.

"Go, go!" she repeated, waving her hand towards the defeated ruffian; and as he slouched by, she added more calmly—

"You can write to me."

He stopped before the pair as they stood there together, her hand upon the butler's arm.

"I'll tell you what," he cursed, "I can see through you two, and by —— I'll spoil your game!"

And then he walked out and was lost in the dark night.

Mr. Jarvis listened until his footsteps ceased to sound.

"I'd a great mind to nab him," he said, "only you didn't seem to like it." He looked uneasily at her. "He's a rum customer. What do you know about him, Miss Perks?"

She took the restraining hand from his arm; her face was as a stone.

"He's my *husband*," she said.

Mr. Jarvis sat down upon the floor. It was not dignified; it was not, by any means, required by the circumstances; it was a comedy strangely out of keeping with the tragedy which had just been played out, which was yet being played out in poor Mr. Jarvis's heart—nevertheless he did it. For the simple reason that, at this crisis, his legs absolutely refused to support him, and there being no chair at hand, he was fain to take the only available resting-place. And from this ignominious position he looked helplessly and pitcously up at Miss Perks.

She answered the mute appeal, standing over him and looking down upon him, too much absorbed in the pathos of her own wrongs to be sensible of the ridicule of his position.

"I married him," she said, "when I was a girl of eighteen, a silly, thoughtless creature, and I thought it was a grand thing to have a home of my own, and not to go to service as the other girls in the place had to do. He was ten years older than me, and he was a blacksmith, and might have done well if he'd liked. But he took to drinking soon after we were married, and then I got wretched, and I'd no child, and nothing to comfort me. He was always a bad temper, and the drink made it worse. My home that I took such a pride in at first got broken up bit by bit—you know what a home comes to when drink gets into it—and sometimes I wanted bread. Then I took in sewing—for I was always clever at my needle—and so I managed to keep things together a little. Then he wronged me, and they went about to fairs and such things together, and one day"—she stopped here a long time—"one day *she* was found murdered by the wayside, and he came and took the little money I had earned, and went away without even saying good bye. It was six years and a-half ago, and in another six months I counted on being a free woman again, and I told you I would give you your answer then, Mr. Jarvis. I've told you all this because I couldn't have you blame me, and because you've cared about me, and I know you'll never tell on me. Promise me, Mr. Jarvis," she said, suddenly changing her tone of confidence for one of quick suspicion—"promise me you'll never breathe what you've heard and seen this night."

Mr. Jarvis picked himself up from the floor.

"No, that I never will!" he cried with returning energy, "and I'll give you my Bible oath upon it. Poor thing! *you* couldn't help it." And he tried to take her hand.

She gave it to him for one second, then she snatched it away again.

"There's Miss Claris," she whispered. And as she fastened the glass-door behind him, and, crossing the floor, held the other open for her mistress, she was again the composed, quiet Abigail, the attentive Perks, who seemed to have no life beyond the circle of her duties.

So powerful was the habit of self-restraint which she had practised so long, that it mastered even the anguish of that hour of disappointment.

Claris fluttered in radiant and gracious. She admired all the arrangements of the chamber; she inquired for her various possessions, and saw where they were bestowed, then she took her keys into her own hands, and suddenly discovering that Perks looked pale and tired, excused her further attendance, yawning, and declaring that she was herself too fatigued to linger long over her preparations for the night.

Yet long afterwards the clematis screen outside her window was bathed in a flood of light which was neither sunshine nor moonbeam, whilst Mr. Jarvis, tossing in his uneasy slumber, muttered—

"It *is* a shame of Miss Claris to keep that poor thing sitting up all this time."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XLIV.

P. P. C.

Pour prendre congé. Yes, we have at length reached that point of our narrative at which nothing is left for the story-teller to do, save to tie up the knots of a few scattered threads, and bid his readers a kindly farewell.

Lady Spencelaugh never rallied from the effects of the rough treatment she received at the hands of Duplessis and his accomplice, and the subsequent hour of awful suspense, when Death in one of his most terrible aspects stared her in the face. Her nervous system had been overtaxed, too, by the mental excitement of the few preceding weeks, culminating in her confession in the vault; and now that he whom she had too credulously believed to be dead, had made his appearance once more on the scene, and had indeed saved her life at the risk of his own, it seemed to the lone miserable woman that there was nothing left worth living for, and that the sooner she was done with the world and its vanities, the better for every one. The one great scheme of her life was irretrievably wrecked, and all her earthly hopes were drowned with it.

For the four days following the night of her rescue she lay in bed, and refused to see any one but the woman who took her her meals; interdicting both Gaston and Martha Winch from entering her room; but on the morning of the fifth day she sent for John and her son.

"I have sent for you, Sir Arthur Spencelaugh," she said, turning on the young man a warn, wan face, "to ask your forgiveness for the great wrong I have done you; and to claim your kind offices for Gaston when I shall be no more. You will believe me when I say that my son was utterly ignorant of his mother's crime. What I did was done to benefit him, but he knew nothing of the base means by which my ends were to be accomplished. For myself, I think that during the little remaining time that is left me here, it would be a comfort to me to know that you had forgiven me. That you are brave, I have had ample proof, and brave natures are always generous."

John had flushed at hearing himself thus acknowledged as Sir Arthur Spencelaugh; but the feeling which had evoked the rush of color quickly died away, and both his eyes and voice were full of grave tenderness as he answered Lady Spencelaugh.

"For whatever wrong or injury your Ladyship may at any time have done me," he said, "I pray you to accept my full and entire forgiveness. Let such wrong be as utterly forgotten between us as though it had never existed. You were my father's wife, Lady Spencelaugh, and that fact renders you sacred in my eyes; and in time to come, I trust that you will allow me to regard you with somewhat of the respect and devotion due from a son to a mother; from this day, try to remember that you have two children.—And as for Gaston here," he added, turning towards the sullen young man standing on the opposite side of the bed, "I admit that it must seem very hard for him to be dispossessed by a stranger of what he has been brought up to look upon as his own. But I hope that after a little time, he will learn to look upon that stranger as a brother; and, in any case, he will find that I am not disposed to act ungenerously by him."

Gaston pretended not to see the proffered hand. "But the proofs," he said in an aggrieved voice, addressing his mother. "Mr. Greenhough told me no longer ago than yesterday afternoon, that the proofs of the identity of this—this gentleman, with the person he states himself to be, were by no means clear at present. It seems to me that we are getting on a little too fast just now."

"This gentleman is Arthur Spencelaugh, your father's eldest son," said her Ladyship solemnly to Gaston. "Whatever further proofs Mr. Greenhough may think proper to ask for, cannot alter that fact. I committed a great crime, Gaston, to benefit you, as I thought; but I now charge you earnestly not to perpetuate that crime by striving to ignore facts which must ultimately be acknowledged by the world. I tell you again, this is Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, and your brother."

"Your son is right, Lady Spencelaugh," said John. "In his position, he has no right to accept anything on hearsay. I will meet him tomorrow, together with Mr. Greenhough, and will lay before them such proofs that I really am the person I claim myself to be, as cannot, I think, be met by any reasonable doubt."

Accordingly the three met together next morning, when John entered into a detailed account of the result of his visit to America, which account, as far as it now concerns us, may be compressed into a few sentences. John's first efforts had been directed to finding Ike Yarnold, the old squatter, to whose charge he had been committed by Kreefe; and in this attempt he had happily succeeded. The old man recognized John before the latter spoke to him; and when he was made to understand the service that was required at his hands, and satisfied that no harm should happen to himself, he at once agreed to go before the mayor of the nearest town, and there have his deposition as to the identity of John taken in proper form. The only son of Yarnold now living at home also deposed before the same functionary to the identity of John with the youth who had lived under his father's roof for so many years. Before leaving, the old squatter presented John with two or three faded notes written by Kreefe, and all referring more or less to "the boy," which notes had been treasured up by Ike, as the only post-letters he had ever received in his life. Encouraged by this first success, John's next effort was directed to finding out the particular Mullinsville to which, if the information given him by an old inhabitant of Willsburgh might be relied upon, the Kreefes had removed on their departure from the latter place. Mullinsville, in the state of Massachusetts, proved to be the town of which he was in quest. Here he had little difficulty in picking up ample particulars respecting the Kreefes. The little property possessed by Barbara at her death had been bequeathed by her to one of the charitable institutions of the town. Her furniture had been sold by auction; and the broker who had purchased the greater portion of it, hearing that an Englishman was making inquiries respecting Kreefe and his wife, brought John a lot of papers which he had found in the secret drawer of an old bureau bought by him at the sale, and which had doubtless escaped the notice of Barbara when she made a holocaust of her husband's letters. Some of the documents thus strangely recovered proved to be of no small value to John. Among them were several receipts given by Yarnold to Kreefe for sums paid him for the maintenance of the boy intrusted to his care. Besides these, there were two or three letters from Martha Winch to her brother, in which the same subject was guardedly alluded to, in connection with several references to a certain "Lady S." The broker made no difficulty about parting with these documents for a small consideration, nor of further annexing to them a written statement, duly witnessed, stating by what means they had come into his possession. Armed thus with a double set of proofs, John at once made his way back to England.

"We have by no means a bad case, in a legal point of view," said Mr. Greenhough to Lady Spencelaugh, when he went to visit her at the close of his interview with John. "We have possession in our favor, and that goes a long way. The armor of this Mr. John English is by no means armor of proof; there are several flaws in it, and if your Ladyship—"

"No, no, Mr. Greenhough!" said Lady Spencelaugh vehemently. "I tell you this young gentleman is the man he professes to be, and you are as well aware of it as I am. Knowing what you do, would you drag this wretched business into a court of law, and call up me to give evidence on oath! How could Gaston ever hold up his head among honorable men again? You have been a faithful friend, Mr. Greenhough, and I thank you from my heart; but this must not be, no, never—never!"

And thus it fell out at last that Sir Arthur Spencelaugh stepped into his title and estates as quietly and easily as though no one had ever dreamed of disputing his claim to those possessions. The few people who knew the real truth of the matter, found it to their interest to keep a close tongue thereon; and the world, ever ready to welcome a story with a spice of romance in it, was not difficult to satisfy. The eldest son of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh had been abducted in childhood, and Sir Philip and his wife had been led to believe him dead; but the naughty people who had taken him away ever so many years ago, having confessed their crime, he had come back, to be welcomed with open arms by Lady Spencelaugh, and to be gracefully bowed into the seat of honor by the chivalrous Gaston, who had at once ceded his new-found honors to the long-lost heir. Thus the rumor ran; and to rumors, three-fourths of mankind are ever ready to pin their faith, facts being such awkward things to get at. So the world of polite society, figuratively speaking, opened its arms to welcome the long-lost Sir Arthur, and would doubtless have welcomed him to its heart also, but that such an incumbrance forms no part of its anatomy.

Lady Spencelaugh lingered on for several weeks, growing weaker from day to day, fading out of life like a lamp that dies slowly, but surely, for lack of oil. Frederica was with her almost constantly; and the bond between these two women, so soon to be severed by the hand of Death, had more strength and vitality in it during these few latter days than it had had during all the years that went before. Gaston, restless and moody, lounged in and out of his mother's room a dozen times a day. He was the last person in the house to apprehend the loss that was coming upon him; he never thought otherwise than that a few weeks would see his mother's health as completely re-established as he ever remembered it to have been, for his mother had been a semi-invalid as long as he could recollect; till Frederica broke the truth to him only two days before the end.

Sir Arthur, too, was a frequent and a welcome visitor in that little room. All that had happened between himself and Lady Spencelaugh in past days seemed as completely forgotten as though it had never been; and the dying woman's eyes lighted up with true pleasure whenever he entered her room.

"What love and tender regard might have been mine through all those weary years!" she said on almost the last morning of her life. "But I threw them willfully away to grasp at a bauble, which turned to ashes in my hand the moment I thought it was my own."

Gaston had no reason to complain of any want of generosity on the part of Sir Arthur. The weight of debt that had hung like a millstone round his neck, was at once cleared off; a liberal allowance was settled on him; and, at his own request, a commission was procured for him in a regiment, which, shortly afterwards, was ordered abroad. With all his faults and follies, there was some sterling stuff in the young man. He has seen good service already, has lost an arm, and won a captaincy. Last time he was down in Monkshire, he was lionised to his heart's content; and had he been matrimonially inclined, he might have had the pick of half the eligible girls in the county. He and Sir Arthur are on the best of terms; and it was only the other week, in the smoking-room of a certain house where both of us happened to be visiting, and towards the small-hours of the morning, that Captain Spencelaugh, in a moment of confidence, spoke his mind to the present chronicler as follows: "Tell you what, my boy, it was a deuced good thing for this child that the title and estates went from him in the way they did. I should have made ducks and drakes of the property, as sure as eggs are eggs, and have done no credit to an old name. But look at me now. Having to fight my way up has done me all the good in the world. I've made myself known in a small way; I've as much tin as I want, and more; I'm liked by a heap of fellows; and I've got the best brother in the world. Yes, Arthur is a brother to be proud of, and I *am* proud of him."

Belair was not burned down. The fire did not extend beyond the wing were it originated, and which had been at once picturesque and uncomfortable. A new wing, more suited to the requirements of modern living, and more in accord, architecturally, with the rest of the mansion, rose before long on the spot made vacant by the fire.

A week or two after Lady Spencelaugh's death, Mrs. Winch, having disposed of her business by secret treaty, departed suddenly from Normanford, and was no more seen by the inhabitants of that little town. It was supposed that she had emigrated to New Zealand, where it was known that she had relatives living; and in the lack of positive information, we may accept this supposition as correct.

Of Jane Garrod, what can I say, except that the master of Belair never ceased to remember how much he owed to her indefatigable exertions in his behalf. In a worldly point of view, he could do nothing for either her or Abel, simply because they were in want of nothing. The situation held by Abel suited his tastes exactly, and was quite up to the height of his abilities; while his income, small though it was, was more than sufficient to meet the inexpensive tastes of Jane and himself. Of worldly store or increase, they stood in no need; but Sir Arthur and Frederica could give them what they valued infinitely higher—true friendship, and that was given without grudging: none of the ordinary conventional barriers of society were allowed to touch, however remotely, the bond of genuine friendship existing between the inmates of Belair and the humble dwellers in the little station-house at Kingsthorpe.

Of Antoine the faithful, authentic tidings have come to hand quite recently. Sir Arthur, while in London a few months ago, recognized the ex-valet in the street, without being seen himself; and had the curiosity to follow him for half a mile, till he tracked him into a small café near Leicester Square, of which place Antoine and his brother proved, on inquiry, to be joint-proprietors. Behind the counter, and flanked by two huge jars of chocolate and sweetmeats, and effulgent in the lustre of black satin and cheap jewelry, sat Clotilde, the imperious, less blooming, and more vicious looking than of old. Believing, as he did, that Antoine had never been anything more than a willing instrument in the hands of his crafty master, and glad to find that he had now taken to such an honest mode of getting a living, Sir Arthur was well pleased to leave him in peace, and go unobserved on his way.

But one more duty remains to be done before the green curtain comes down, and that is, to bring my hero and heroine together for the last time in front of the stage, that, hand in hand, they may make their bow to the audience. That they two—Arthur and Frederica—would inevitably come together, that nothing but death could them part, might be predicated without fear of contradiction from what had gone before. But it is too late in the day for me to report any of the little love-passages between them, or set down any of their foolish-wise speeches or tender confessions one to the other; neither can I undertake to furnish any detailed account of the wedding which followed in due course; indeed, I am so wofully ignorant in these matters, that I could not even tell you what the bridesmaids wore on the happy occasion. We may, however, take one last peep at them on the threshold of their new life, before bidding them a friendly farewell.

It is a pleasant autumn evening, the evening of the day of their return from their wedding-tour. Sir Arthur and Frederica have dined quietly together without company; and now, just as the sun is beginning to dip behind the great Belair woods, and all the western front of the old Hall glows, and winks, and basks in the golden light, as though it were alive, they come stepping through the open windows of the dining-room on to the shaven lawn outside; and plucking here and there a flower as they go, they wind slowly down till they come to a moss-grown wicket, and so pass out into the park, the great reaches of which are checkered with light or shade as the trees stand open or close. A few leaves scattered here and there on the yellow footway, that fades into a thread in the dim distance, speak of the year's fruition and the fulfilment of many hopes; and as the new lord of Belair and his wife pace slowly under the overarching trees, the ever-busy squirrel peers down at them with curious eyes from the upper boughs; from bracken and copplice the timid hare and the sly rabbit peep out at them wonderingly; all the happy songsters of the grove take note of them; the gaudy peacock on the terrace screams a shrill good-night ere he shuts up his fan, and goes within doors; while the inquisitive deer follow them watchfully from afar.

Frederica's arm is within that of her husband, and she looks up fondly into his face as she speaks. "I am glad we are home again, dear," she says. "With all its attractions, I was beginning to weary of the continent—beginning to long to be back in my own sweet English nest."

"In which I hope that you and I together will pass many, many happy years," answers Sir Arthur; and with that, he stoops and kisses his bride, believing himself unseen. But a one-eyed blackbird of misanthropical habits, who happens to be taking the air on the branch of an oak close by, is a witness of the sweet transaction, and resolves to consult his Brother Rook in the morning concerning this curious custom of the unfeathered bipeds.

"You remember that day at Naples," says Frederica, "when we sat in the balcony outside our hotel, and discussed our plans for the future—what alterations we were to make here and there; what improvements of various kinds we were to try to effect; the good we were to strive to do in many ways; and the general rule that was to regulate our life and conduct, as far as such things can be regulated for a future of which we know so little: do you remember the evening I speak of?"

"Perfectly," answers Sir Arthur. "I seemed to know you better from that hour than I had ever known you before."

"And all those resolves, hopes, and wishes still hold good in both our minds," resumes Frederica; "but I sometimes fear that the corrosion which wealth and ease so often bring with them will not be without its effect upon us; that our good intentions will lose their edge, and slowly rust into inefficiency; that all our fine resolutions and philanthropical schemes, having no vital principle of necessity at the back of them, will never bear fruit, but wither one by one, and die of inanition; and that as you and I grow in years, we shall gradually fade into a couple of good-natured nonentities, living for ourselves alone; not actively selfish, so long as our own little comforts are not interfered with; charitable to a certain extent, but charitable without trouble; and coming at last to a state of mind that will look back upon all the schemes, hopes, and resolutions of which we are brimful just now, as upon the wild-day dreams of two children, who looked out at the world, and all its belongings, through the rose-colored spectacles of youth and love. Does the dread of such a future never haunt you?"

"Never," replies Sir Arthur decisively. "I cannot conceive of myself as coming to such a pass; and with you by my side, I shall feel doubly armed against it. Genteel sloth has been the ruin of many a promising life. Let us try to make our lives healthily active; let us never be without some object to strive for, something to look forward to; and if our ends have not been ignoble ones, so much the better for us when the evening shall come.—But see, there is the spire of the little church showing above the trees."

Frederica pressed closer to her husband's arm, and they walked on in silence. They had dedicated this the first evening of their return to a visit to the little church where lay the remains of him they both had loved so well. The old sexton was there ready with the keys. In reverent silence, they went in. Frederica's cheek was wet with tears when they came out ten minutes later. The autumn mists were rising, and the trees looked dim and ghostlike as they took their way back through the park, neither wholly sorrowful nor wholly glad. So let us leave them.

THE END.

☞ The city of Tours in France, has a statue of the illustrious philosopher, Descartes, in one of its public places, with the motto on its pedestal, "Cogito, ergo sum," I think, therefore, I exist. The citizens when asked by strangers, say it is the statue of Monsieur Cogito.

☞ The late Judge F——, of Connecticut, was not remarkable for quickness of apprehension. At a certain time, R. W. Sherman was arguing a case before him, and in the course of his remarks Mr. S. made a point which the Judge did not at once see. "Mr. Sherman, I would thank you to state the point so that I can understand you." Bowing politely, Mr. S. replied in his blandest manner, "Your honor is probably not aware of the task you are imposing upon me."

☞ At one period of time the practice of medicine was rather dangerous. At Dijon, in 1386, a physician was fined fifty golden francs and imprisoned for not effecting a cure. The beautiful Austrigilda, consort to Gontran, King of Burgundy, in the sixth century, was kindly permitted by her husband, in compliance with her dying request to have her two physicians slain and buried with her.

☞ On a rainy winter evening, a gentleman travelling in a London cab found, on nearing his destination, that he had no money with him, so, thinking he would try the honesty of the cabman, he called out as he ran up the steps of the house, "Wait a minute; I have dropped a sovereign in the cab, and will get a light and search for it." The words were barely spoken when the cabman gave the horse a furious lash, and drove off at a furious rate. The gentleman, heartily amused at the result, called after him repeatedly, but never saw cab or driver again.

☞ A new style of bonnet has made its appearance in Paris. It is a twine string with a diamond set in the top.

Important to Tobacco Chewers and Smokers.

Everybody who is in the streets at a late hour of the night or early in the morning may notice individuals about the fronts of the restaurants, hotels and bar-rooms, gathering from the streets and gutters the stumps of cigars that have been swept out or emptied from spittoons, and will doubtless wonder what possible use can be made of them. For the benefit of pipe-smokers and tobacco chewers we can give some information on that subject. There are a number of establishments in this city to which this filthy refuse is taken and sold, and where it goes through the following process: It is washed, dried in the sun or over a fire, placed in a small mill and ground, and then neatly put up in small packages, and sold as a superior quality of fine-cut chewing and smoking tobacco of various fancy brands. The quantity of "old soldiers," as the boys call them, thus gathered, remodelled and sold every day, is almost incredible. The general quality of the tobacco which goes through this process is said to be excellent.

☞ A Louisville boot-black has sued a merchant there to recover 10c. on a "polish you up, sir?" Defendant insisted "his boots were not shined up." Judgment, for the boy, 10c.; court charges, $3.50.

"A Valuable Medicine.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE
GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND
is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.
THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.
Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a
Good and Tried Medicine.
It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

The Gray's Patent Collars are no doubt the best in the world, for the following reasons, viz: The paper from which they are manufactured is of peculiar make, being finer, stronger and handsomer than any other, and is controlled entirely for these collars. These collars for grace, elegance, beauty, purity of color, nicety of fit, and other essentials, meet all requirements. The Ladies' Molded Collar—what could be neater or more delicate? The Ladies' Crimped Collar—what more tasty or graceful? The Printed Crimped Collar—what more desirable if color is preferred to virgin white? And then the Imitation Collar, so closely resembling the plaited linen collar as to almost defy detection; while for each of these, their usefulness and economy would alone be a great recommendation. It can be truly said of them—they are, beyond question, the best in the world.

A Bold Robbery.—Dr. G Humphrey, of Beverly, eighty-seven years of age, while at the Cotton Dental Association, 737 Walnut street, breathed the laughing gas, and had three teeth extracted. On awakening, he exclaimed, "You rascals, you have robbed me!" "Robbed you of what?" we asked "Of my teeth," said he. *Four thousand one hundred and forty persons* have been robbed of their teeth at the same place, within the past year. The gas operates pleasantly upon both old and young.

Holloway's Ointment.—Uncertainty is the bane of life; but there is no uncertainty as to the curative action of this Ointment, for fever sores and all external inflammations. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Rx There is no excuse for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye muddy victims of bilious disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves. jan5-6t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The demand is limited; about 7000 bbls sold in lots to the retailers and bakers at prices ranging from $8,25@8,75 for superfine; $9@10,50 for extra; $11,50@13,25 for low grade and fancy Northwest family; $13@14 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14,50@16 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $7,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues very quiet. We quote Penna red at $2,75@3,10, Southern do at $3@3,20, and white at $3,20@3,35. Rye ranges from $1,20 to 1 25 for Southern, Western and Penna. Corn; sales of 2000 bus new yellow at 92@96c. Oats are steady at 57@60c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are reported at $21@21,50 per bbl for new mess Pork; 14@16c ₩ lb for plain and fancy Bacon Hams; 12@12½c for pickled do, and 9@9½c ₩ lb for sail Shoulders. Dressed Hogs are selling at $8 ₩ 100 lbs. Mess Beef sells in lots at $16@20 for western, and $22@24 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are held at $32@34 ₩ bbl. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs are making at 12½@13c ₩ lb, and kegs at 14@15c. Butter—Small sales are making at 18@30c for roll; 30@32c for dairy, and 14@25 ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 16@17c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 33½@35c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is more active. About 3000 bales of middlings sold in lots at 34@35c for Uplands, and 35½@36½ ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—The last sale of 1st No. 1 Quercitron was at $34 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 38@39c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. Cargo sales are reported at $5@5,25 for white ash, and $5,25@5,50 ₩ ton for red ash.

FEATHERS—Sales of good western are making at 50@55c, and choice at 57½c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $2@3 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—Sales at 5½@6c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 13@15c, halves at 15@19c, and pared at from 30@33c ₩ lb.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 65@70c. and fair to good at 45@60c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cleversced is dull at $8@9 ₩ bus. Timothy ranges at from $3,25@3,75, and Flaxseed at $2,20 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $1,55@1,57 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW continues dull. Small sales are making at 11@11½c ₩ lb for city rendered.

WOOL—The market continues inactive. About 150,000 pounds sold, in lots, at from 62@65c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 55@57c for fine; 50@52c for medium; 45@50c for coarse; 45@50c for tub washed; 40@45c for extra Western pulled, and 35@45c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 15½@16½c ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—5800 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $9,00@9,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,
A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.
By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.
By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

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TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

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DEACON & PETERSON,
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FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

Philadelphia, June 29, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the fits. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1866, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 936 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wm. Elder.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. sep22-eow10t

"The Hair, Scalp and Face."
DR. B. C. PERRY,
Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 522 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; *moles, scars and warts* permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec22-3m

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.
We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled family medicine.

The PAIN KILLER is, by universal consent, allowed to have won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medicinal preparations. Its instantaneous effect in the entire eradication and extinction of pain, in all its various forms incidental to the human family, and the unsolicited written and verbal testimony of the masses in its favor, have been, and are, its own best advertisement.
jan5-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1866, at the residence of the bride's father, Ocean county, N. J., by the Rev. W. R. Carroll, E. Morrison Woodward, of Phila., to Cornelia L., daughter of Dr. O. W. Canfield.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. Charles Marple to Miss Sarah A. Maxwell, both of this city.

On the 7th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. John B. Burr to Miss Amanda M. Foster, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. George W. Snyder to Miss Rosetta, daughter of Mr. Edw. McGrann.

On the 23d of Dec., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. Albert Stratton to Miss Elizabeth Dougherty, both of this city.

On the 27th of Dec., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Walter Ross to Miss Mary Campbell, both of this city.

On the 21st of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. Louis Feichtner to Miss Mary Marshall, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of Dec., Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Jacob S. Rittenhouse, in her 67th year.

On the 30th of Dec., John A. Moore, in his 63d year.

On the 29th of Dec., Mrs. Mary A. Mansfield, in her 71st year.

On the 29th of Dec., Peter Martin, in his 64th year.

On the 29th of Dec., Mary, widow of the late Abraham Jacoby, in her 81st year.

On the 29th of Dec., Mrs. Ann Warrall, in her 86th year.

On the 28th of Dec., Samuel Norris, in his 71st year.

On the 28th of Dec., Mary Deacon, in her 77th year.

On the 28th of Dec., Mrs. Mary A. T. Elliott, in her 53d year.

VALENTINES.

Send for the Puzzle Valentines.

20 PUZZLE VALENTINES, ALL A RIDDLE without the key, mailed to any part of the country for 50 cents, with the key to explain them. Greatly improved since last year. Also, Comic and Sentimental Valentines mailed or expressed. J. A. PITTMAN, Publisher, 9 West Third St., Cincinnati. jan12-4t

Oratorios and Cantatas.—Oratorios.—The Creation, Haydn, cloth $2, boards $1,50, paper $1,25. Messiah, Handel, cloth $2, boards $1,50, paper $1,25. Moses in Egypt, Rossini, $2,25. David, Neukomm, $1. St. Paul, Mendelssohn, cloth $2, boards $1 50, paper $1,25. Eli, Costa, cloth $2,50, boards $2, paper $1,75. Naaman, Costa, cloth $2,50, boards $2, paper $1,75. Mt. Sinai, Neukomm, $2. Praise to God, Bristow, $1,25.

Cantatas.—As the Hart Pants, Mendelssohn, boards 50 cts., paper 50. Hear my Prayer, Mendelssohn, 50. Hymn of Praise, Mendelssohn, $1. Miriam's Song of Triumph, Schubert, 75. Praise of Friendship, Mozart, 50. St. Cecilia's Day, Von Bree, cloth $1 25, paper $1. May Queen, Bennett, cloth $1 25, paper 50. The Morning, Reis, 50. Storm King, Baker, 38. Burning Ship, Baker, 85. Winter Evening's Entertainment, Cull, cloth $1 25, paper $1. Transient and Eternal, Romberg, 38. Great Rebellion, Webster, $3. Sent, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
Boston.

$30,000.
FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION,
Address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.
jan12-13t

PALMER'S
PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.
1865
1609 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA.
ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 19 GREEN ST. BOSTON.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,
S. FRANK PALMER, M. D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB Co.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct13-1y

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Corc Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address
nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

MONEY RETURNED

In full, if after a few day's use of "Godfrey's Cathaeretic Remedy" its effects are unsatisfactory. $5 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by F. C. GODFREY only,
nov1-3m No. 3 Union Square, N. Y.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for 50 Cents.* Three *for* $1 00. Address F. F. BOWEN,
dec17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

LELAND, JOHNSON & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR
Gray's Patent
LADIES' COLLARS.

These Collars, which are manufactured by the American Model Collar Company, under license of the Union Paper Collar Company, are made of the same quality of selected stock used in the manufacture of bank-note paper and on which depends the even pearl tint, smooth ivory surface, and linen-like strength for which the productions of this company are celebrated. They are made in several different styles and patterns, among which are the following:

LADIES' MOLDED COLLARS.

This style was suggested by the Gentlemen's Molded Collars, which are so generally known as the best and most popular paper collars ever manufactured, and from which the present style is patterned, being made, however, more delicate in form, and thus especially adapted to ladies' use. The term "Molded" refers to a process by which the collars are formed or stretched, so that they lay snugly to the neck without wrinkling, and by which a setting is secured absolutely impossible to any other collars, of whatever material. They are pronounced unique by those who have worn them, and they are evidently destined to work a revolution in the matter of ladies' collars. Put up in neat blue boxes of ten each, the size ranging at half inches, from twelve to fourteen and one-half inches.

LADIES' CRIMPED COLLARS.

These, as indicated by their name, are fluted or crimped turn-over collars, made of pearly white paper and properly curved to fit the neck. By a slight tension or pulling upon the ends, just sufficient to destroy the curvature, they can at once be transformed into neat and tasty "Garrotes," which can with equal ease be turned into pairs of cuffs by cutting in halves. They are beautiful in appearance, easy to adjust, comfortable to the wearer, and are being extensively adopted for children's and misses' wear, as well as for ladies. Put up in neat circular boxes of ten each.

PRINTED CRIMPED COLLARS.

These are the same as the previously mentioned style, save that instead of being plain white, they are tastefully ornamented with lines and figures in a variety of colors, closely imitating printed linen. Each box contains ten collars including different designs and colors.

GRAY'S IMITATION COLLARS.

These are so named from being capital imitations of the prevailing style of tucked or plaited linen collars. They are made of heavy white paper, and are furnished in two styles, "Turnovers" and "Garrotes," the former having a narrow neck band by which the collar can be attached to the dress. Put up in boxes of ten each.

SAMPLE BOXES.

To facilitate the introduction of these collars the undersigned will, for the present, send a sample box of either of the above styles to any address, post-paid, by return mail, on receipt of thirty cents. Be particular to give your address plainly, including town, county, and State.

Address
LELAND, JOHNSON & CO.
81 Devonshire Street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Dealers Terms furnished on application

MENDENHALL'S
Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST
of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,
Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct6-tf

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
NO SOAP! NO WATER! NO SLOP!
Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish,
(Patented Oct. 10th, 1865,)
For cleaning and polishing Windows, Mirrors, Gold Silver Plated ware, Brass, Copper, Tin, etc. A new invention of the greatest practical worth, convenience and economy; indispensable to all private house keepers, hotel-keepers, store-keepers, etc. Address C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York. dec22-4t

Errors of Youth.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN,
nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT,
P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass. and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec9-10t

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $45
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 52
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

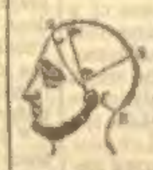
No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post.—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



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PREMIER ARTISTE
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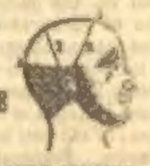

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-cowly

Curls! Curls!
SAMPLES
SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The Curliques will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB,
oct27-3m Parkman, Ohio.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

On Sundays—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Mann's Baggage Express will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 9.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00 A.M. &	11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by Mail Train go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by Mail Train go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20 A.M. &	7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 3.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8 40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.30 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

An Express Train runs daily, except Sunday.

For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
ap7-3m No. 137 Dock Street.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Judicial Blunders.

The famous Lord Kenyon is pictured as an ignorant and absurd person, and these anecdotes are told of him:—

One day he would silence an importune suitor or loquacious barrister by exclaiming, "*Est modus in rebus*," or as the vernacular hath it, there must be an end of all things; on another day he would clothe his face with the wisest of his judicial aspects, and observe, "In advancing to a conclusion on this subject, I am resolved *stare supra antiquas vias*." When a glaring case of fraud was brought before his observation, he exclaimed, "The dishonesty is manifest; in the words of an old Latin sage, apparently '*Latet anguis in herba;*'" to a deeply-edified grand jury he remarked in a tone of solemn pathos, "Having thus discharged your consciences, gentlemen, you may retire to your homes in peace, with the delightful consciousness of having performed your duties well; and as you compose yourselves for nocturnal slumber, you may apply to yourselves the words of the heathen philosopher, '*Aut Cæsar aut nullus.*'"

Without the assistance of Latin, some of his remarks uttered from the judgment-seat were very provocative of laughter. "The allegation," he exclaimed indignantly during the examination of an unsatisfactory witness, "is as far from truth as old Bootcrium from the Northern Main—a line I have heard or met with God knows *where*."

On another occasion, when he reprimanded an attorney for causing a needless and vexatious delay in a cause, he observed in boldly metaphorical language, "This is the last hair in the tail of procrastination, and it must be plucked out;" and he is reported to have lectured "twelve gentlemen in the box" thus: "If an individual can *break down* any of these safeguards which the Constitution has wisely and cautiously erected, by *poisoning* the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will *stab* the administration of justice in its most vital parts."

To several later judges, as well as to Kenyon, has been attributed the memorable judicial address to the dishonest butler who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar. "Prisoner at the bar," the judge is reported to have said, "you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might, without dishonesty, have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but dead to every claim of natural affection, and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been *feathering your nest with your master's bottles*."

A fair match for these is the story of an Irish priest who rebuked his parishioner for drunkenness, and told him that "whenever he entered an alehouse to drink, his guardian angel stood weeping at the door." "And if he had sixpence he'd be in himself," was Pat's reply.

Shooting Stars.

There was a man who, when the stars were complaisant and absent below, used to rig up a telescope wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence a squint.

One night as he was getting under way, I saw two Irish gentlemen taking observations of his movements. Both were policemen.

"Jemie," said one, "what in the world is yon fellow after with his machinery?"

"Whist, ye spalpeen," whispered the other, "and sure can't ye see that it's an air-gun cannon that he's got. He's shooting stars he is."

"Hadn't we better be gettin' out ov the way thin?" inquired his friend.

"Shure and it's not us," was the answer; "didn't ye ever hear of shooting stars?"

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and squinted through it at the stars. The policeman gazed up likewise in wonder. Just then, by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad, he hit it—he's fetched it down," cried both the Paddies in one breath! "Shure and that's the greatest shootin' I ever saw in my life!" But a sense of duty prevailed, and one of them at once rudely accosted the man of science.

"Ye'll jist stop that now, misther, ev ye please. The night is dark enough now, plinty, and if ye go on shootin' stars at that rate, we'll not find our way about the strate, sure."

And the telescope man had to pack up and be off.

A RAW PICKLE.—"Mother," asked a tall gawkey, "what did you and dad used to do when he came courting you?"

"Good arth and seas! what put that into the boy's head? What do you mean, Jedediah?"

"Well, I went over to see Peggy Haskins tother night, and she told me I didn't know how to court, I asked her to show me, and sez she, 'Ax your marm?' What did you do, mother?"

"La! suz! Why, Jed, we used to sit in the corner and eat roast turkey!"

"Good gracious! times aint as they used to be, mother, sartin—the only thing Peggy gin me was *a raw pickle!*"

A GOOD JOKE.—A comical quarrel, says a Paris cotemporary, took place the other day on a boulevard. A gentleman roughly accosted a workingman, and accused him of swindling. "You sold me," he said, "a pomade to make my hair grow; see, my head is as smooth as a piece of leather."

"Sir," answered the vender of ointment, "you wrong me. There are lands where the best seed won't grow. It is not the fault of the seed; it is the soil."

The gentleman did not continue the discussion.

☞ A young rustic was exhibiting three pounds of very choice spruce gum at a store in Chotquay, New York, when a Bostonian, pleased with its clear, transparent appearance, asked the young man what he would take for it. "Golly," said he, "you can't have a chor out of this; my gal is goin' to have every bit on't."

A MODEST BEGGAR.

Boy.—"Please, parson, mother wants some soup."
The Rector.—"But I told your mother she must send something to put it in."
Boy.—"Oh, please, she've sent tiffs pa-ail ver 'on, pa-arson!"
[Mother probably keeps a boarding-house.]

The Spirit of a Man.

It seems that we've a woman or two in this city who is capable of handling the reigns of government, as will be shown by what follows:—

Our reporter was around hunting a house for a friend, and called to see a family who were preparing to vacate a cosy dwelling. As the door stood open, reporter walked in without knocking, and his eyes straightway lighted on the dame of the household, who was making frantic lunges with a broom-stick at some object under the bed.

"Good-morning, madam. Ah! you have a troublesome cat under the bed?"

"Troublesome cat?—no sir! It's that sneaking husband of mine; and I'll have him out, or break every bone in his body!"

"You will, eh?" said a faint voice under the bed. "Now, Susy, you may rave and pound, and pound and rave; but I'll be dogged if I'll come out from under this bed while I've *got the spirit of a man about me!*"—*Exchange.*

☞ Old lady (to a hackman)—"But these hacks are dangerous. You never know who rides in them. We might get the small-pox." Coachy—"You've no cause to be afeard of my coach, mum, for I've 'ad the 'ind wheels waccinated, and it took beautiful."

THEY SAY.

They say—Ah! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—But why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—O pause, and look within,
See how thy heart's inclined to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, should'st sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good or not at all.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SOMETHING OF THE SOUTH.

Within fifteen years from this New Year's day, 1867, every State south of the old obsolete dividing line, even those in which cotton reigned so long the dominant idea, will be in the market as sellers, in the field as producers, and in thousands of articles as competing manufacturers—rivals, equals, peers if you please, of any State or States east, north or west.

One of these days we shall have cotton down to the old ten cent line for best Mississippi and Louisiana staple. But it will be only after the States in which cotton has hitherto been made a speciality shall have put on wealth and independence by pursuing other lines of agriculture, and by home manufactures so cheapened and multiplied all kinds of agricultural implements, that they shall come within the reach of every planter and farmer, superseding manual labor and rendering it a pleasant possibility to plant, cultivate, harvest and prepare for market cotton at twenty per cent. less cost than was possible by the old system.

The southern people's surest, most direct and expeditious road to wealth and independence is in grain growing, stock raising, pork making, cheese dairying, and all kinds of manufacturing. The sooner a very great many people, both north and south, put behind them the mistaken notion that the States south will only produce cotton, tobacco, rice, tar and turpentine, sugar, alligators and swamp moss, the better it will be for the whole country, and the sooner the south will come up to the meridian of true independence.

South Carolina here'f, traditionally all cotton, rice and palmetto, is capable of producing pasturage for five million head of horned stock, and every year four times more as good wheat as was ever grown anywhere than her entire population could consume, living on wheaten bread exclusively. North Carolina can maintain twelve million sheep, and horses and horned stock in numbers equal to those of any other territory of equal area in the Union, besides producing all the grains, vegetables, and every variety of fruit, not strictly tropical, in as liberal yield, equal in quality, and requiring no greater cost of production than the general average elsewhere.

Maryland and Virginia are equally and both eminently adapted to grazing, dairying, the production of grain and vegetables, horticulture and truck gardening. Georgia has an upland range of pasturage that utilized and stocked would supply the whole Atlantic States markets with best beef and superb mutton, while her seaward slopes and low land fields devoted to the vine, fruits and corn, would rapidly change her civil and social status, making her an empire Eden.

Tennessee, energized as she ought to and will be ere long, besides producing wheat and corn equal in quality to any grown anywhere, and a yield per acre greater than that of any State north of her, can pasture four million sheep comfortably, and turn out more pork annually than any other State in the Union. Mississippi may be made into either a corn field from end to end and side to side, averaging per acre more corn than Ohio, Indiana or Illinois, or grazing being the preference, Texas or the Buenos Ayrean pampas are no whit better adapted to the purpose.

Butter, from several interfering obstacles, will never become a popular or paying southern production, though there is a possibility of making some very good butter in the south. We have eaten butter made in midsummer on a Georgia plantation separated from Florida only by the width of the St. Mary's river, better butter than we can buy in any northern market; and often in the interior upland counties of North Carolina we have seen and eaten butter made by North Carolina women from native North Carolina cows, in color, consistency and all correct requisites of good butter fully equal to the best sample the "Land of Goshen" ever produced.

But while butter making will never become a popular branch of southern agricultural industry, cheese making may and will, just as inevitably as the south will rapidly become a great grazing and grain growing region. There is as much milk making material in southern as in northern or western pastures; a breed of cows equal to ordinary northern dairy stock will give as much milk per day anywhere in the south, the pasturage being equal to ours, as they do in New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio. The milk will be equally rich—why not? And as throughout a very large portion of the southern territory there need be but insignificant outlay for winter shelter and food, and as the dairy stock will have the advantage of pasturage the year round, of course the annual supply of milk will be greater per head than it is where five or six months of housing up and hay feeding are a necessity; so that southern cheese making once fairly inaugurated, the material of a quality equalling our best "dairy" can be made at a cost fully one-third less than our northern cheese factories will be able to make it.

The true policy of all the States south lies in getting into the Union traces as fairly and fast as they can, and turning all their energy and enterprise to grain farming, grazing, wool growing, manufacturing, cheese-making and getting rich.

BROWSING STOCK.

Please don't misinterpret and put an "eastern" construction upon the phrase, making it to mean beating and thrashing dumb beasts about with a brush or great "gad." That is not it—nothing like it. What we mean by "browsing" is feeding to, or affording animals an opportunity to feed themselves during the winter on the buds and tender twigs of all such trees as may be felled for fire-wood, timber, or any other purpose. Horses, horned cattle and sheep are all fond of "browse," and will crop it greedily during the winter whenever an opportunity is afforded.

"Browse," besides being a wholesome, nourishing food, is at the same time of great value as an alterative, curing constipation and keeping the bowels open and active during the season of dry hay feeding. The buds of nearly all our forest trees, as the oak, hickory, maple, beech, bass and birch are highly nutritious, containing as they do the germs of flowers and fruit—the concentrated principles of meat and muscle-making material. We have often seen both horned cattle and sheep turn from the brightest, sweetest hay, and fall to quarrelling for first bites upon hemlock and juniper boughs, fresh cut and flung about the yard.

Once in the interior of the Empire State, midway of one of the most severe winters that history or tradition has any account of, feed for stock began to fail in all the region—not a hundred of hay, bushel of grain or bundle of straw could be purchased at any price. Frost and famine began to slay all sorts of stock, and there was no remedy.

Our farmer step-father-in-law, with whom three of our juvenile winters were spent, was a well-to-do man, having a snug farm, four horses, a yoke of oxen, eight milk cows, about fifteen head of young stock and some forty sheep, with comfortable shelter for all. But about the end of January we began to get well down towards the bottom of the "hay," and the prospects were that before the first of April there would be more carcases lying about the fields than the foxes could dispose of, and as many hides to hang up as we could find room for.

But one afternoon, before death began on our stock, two steers got adrift and wandered into the woods where we had been cutting firewood. Going to drive them home, we found them browsing away in the top of a great maple lately felled, cropping the twigs as if they were corn. The steers were left undisturbed, the discovery reported at head-quarters, and within half an hour Uncle Ben and Boy Cosmo had every hoof and horn belonging to the place in the woods browsing out for themselves a famous supper. From that time forth every day we felled trees, and horses, horned cattle and sheep *browsed* through the winter, coming out when pasture came in capital condition, leaving us a ton or so of hay in the bottom of the bag.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——A good many millions of our fruit pests, millers, bugs and worms, mistaking our extended Indian summer for next spring, came out prematurely, and the sudden cold snap has fixed 'em, dead as nits. So, all other things being propitious, we may look for fruit next year less wormy than we have had it in a long time.

——NOTWITHSTANDING the cranberry crop of 1866 runs above that of the previous year by at least a third, old prices are maintained and more. Sixteen, eighteen and twenty cents per quart are selling rates for "Jerseys" just now. More cranberry patches are needed.

——AUSTRALIA is going to exchange productions with us. Sends seed wheat, Ballarat grass and a kangaroo, and gets Monitor and Mercer potatoes, Newtown pippins and two Chester pigs.

——UP in the Lake Superior copper region they have found a subterranean stream of sour water—makes capital pickles. So they say. Cider vinegar probably. Look out next for a sugar mine.

——THE woodpecker family are all emigrating from Pennsylvania. Not a red head or "sap-sucker" once a month. Good for the "borers," and bad for the fruit trees this way.

——RABBITS were never so thin in flesh at this season. Old gamesters say pussies expected the Indian summer to run on all winter, and took no pains to put on fat. Too late now.

RECEIPTS.

SNOW CREAM.—Have a dish of new-fallen snow brought in, help each one to a saucer full, then pass round the table to be poured over the snow, a pitcher of the following preparation for ICE CREAM.—Two quarts of good rich milk; four fresh eggs; three-quarters pound of white sugar; six teaspoons of Bermuda arrow root. Rub the arrow root smooth in a little cold milk; beat the eggs and sugar together; bring the milk to the boiling point; then stir in the arrow root; remove it from the fire, and immediately add the eggs and sugar, stirring briskly to keep the eggs from cooking, then set aside to cool. If flavored with extracts let it be done *just before* putting it in the freezer. If the vanilla bean is used, it must be boiled in the milk.

PLUM PUDDING, (VERY GOOD).—Ingredients: One pound and a-half of raisins, half-a-pound of currants, half-a-pound of mixed peel, three quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, three quarters of a pound of suet, eight eggs, one wineglassful of brandy. Mode: Stone and cut the raisins in halves, but do not chop them; wash, pick, and dry the currants, and mince the suet finely; cut the candied peel into thin slices, and grate down the bread into fine crumbs. When all these dry ingredients are prepared, mix them well together; then moisten the mixture with the eggs (which should be well beaten) and the brandy; stir well, that everything may be very thoroughly blended, and *press* the pudding into a buttered mould; tie it down tightly with a floured cloth, and boil for five or six hours. It may be boiled in a cloth without a mould, and will require the same time allowed for cooking. As these puddings are usually made a few days before they are required for table, when the pudding is taken out of the pot hang it up immediately, and put a plate or saucer underneath to catch the water that may drain from it. The day it is to be eaten, plunge it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for at least two hours.

Note.—Five or six of these puddings may be made at one time, as they will keep good for many weeks, and in cases where unexpected guests arrive will be found an acceptable, and, as it only requires warming through, a quickly-prepared dish.

ALMOND PUDDING.—Take half a pound of blanched almonds, and pound them in a mortar until they are quite fine. Beat up eight eggs; mix a pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream; stir in the almonds, then the eggs, a little rose-water, and a pint of cream. Bake it in a deep plate or pudding-dish, with a rim of puff paste. Bake it three-quarters of an hour.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Break the cocoanut and save the milk; peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoanut very fine. Take the same weight of cocoanut, fine white sugar, and butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs well beaten, one cup of cream, the milk of the cocoanut, and a little grated lemon. Line a dish with a rich paste; put in the pudding, and bake it one hour. Cover the rim with paper, if necessary.

OYSTERS A LA POULETTE.—One pint of oysters, and juice, on the fire, in a saucepan. Skim as the scum rises.

Take another pan. Mix a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, on the fire; when melted, stir in half a pint of milk.

When the oysters boil up, put in the milk, and salt to taste, and pepper.

Clean some large oyster shells, and serve the poulette in them; when so served it is called huitres en coquilles.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 2, 14, 5, 12, is a place of public sale.
My 7, 1, 9, 3, 11, 15, is to embrace.
My 12, 10, 4, 3, is to weary.
My 13, 1, 9, 5, 6, is to join in wedlock.
My 8, 14, 11, 12, 3, is to hurry.
My whole is what we all I hope have paid.
IDA E. P.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kitchen utensil.
My second is a letter.
My third is part of the foot.
My whole is a root. W. H. M.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in dog, but not in cat,
My 2nd is in mouse, but not in rat.
My 3rd is in pear, but not in peach,
My 4th is in scream, but not in screech.
My 5th is in piano, but not in flute,
My 6th is in plant, but not in root.
My 7th is in study, but not in play,
My 8th is in road, but not in way.
My 9th is in wagon, but not in horse,
My 10th is in fine, but not in coarse.
My whole is a town in Pennsylvania.
ALEXIA.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diagonal from the south-eastern *lower* corner of a saloon (that is where two of the sides and the floor meet in the corner) to the north-western *upper* corner thereof, (where the other two sides and the ceiling of said saloon do meet the opposite corner,) is found to be 87 feet.—Now, providing the length of said saloon is to the breadth thereof as 5 is to 2, and the breadth thereof is to the height of the same as 3 is to 2, will some able mathematician find the length, breadth, and height of the above described saloon, and return me his answers thereto in the "Post?"

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I sold an ox for 56 dollars, and gained as much per cent as the ox cost. What did I pay for him? WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If we admit the distance from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon, to be 240,000 miles, and the diameter of the earth to be 8,000 miles, and that of the moon 2,112 miles, at what point between them would the greatest amount of surface be visible—granting that the point is accessible?

J. M. GREENWOOD.
Pendelille, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What sort of a throat is the best for a singer to reach the high notes with? Ans.—A sore throat.

☞ When are soldiers like babies? Ans.—When they are "in arms."

☞ Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Ans.—Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

☞ When has a lady more water in her system than when she has a cataract in her eyes, a creek in her back, a waterfall on her pall, and her shoes high-tied? Ans.—When she has a notion (an ocean) in her head.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Abednego. CHARADE—Harebell—(hare—bell.) RIDDLE—Cosmo. RIDDLE—Truth—(Ruth—rut—hut.)

A Magic Trick.

At a celebrated Parisian restaurant, in 1861, an extempore bet was decided, interesting in its way. A Mississippi gentleman won a big pile. He bet that he would bring five hundred drops out of an empty bottle from which the last supernaculum had been drained.

It was done in the fairest way, without any dodge, upon the purest, natural philosophical principles. The secret is this:

There is a great deal of moisture still remaining in the bottle, only it is dispersed all over the inside in homœopathic particles, too minute to be poured out in any way. You take the bottle, hold it nearly horizontally, shake it up well, and strike the lower part of the neck repeatedly on your hand. After you have manipulated it in this way for a minute or two, (the length of time depends upon the performer's skill,) the moisture becomes collected and condensed in the neck, and then you can jerk out upon a plate or a sheet of white paper, more drops in a quarter of a minute than you can count in a quarter of an hour. It made quite a sensation at the time, but soon spread about. A Frenchman who was present exhibited the trick the next night at the Maison d'Or.

☞ Keep your boy a boy whilst he is a boy; a well-behaved, polite boy; a manly boy; a courageous self-reliant boy; no milk-sop boy tied to his mother's skirts, but still a boy; not a weakling fop, a precocious snob, a conceited monkey, aping the airs and acquiring the habits of grown-up dandies and fast characters. Don't make a self-indulgent small gentleman of him. Teach him to wait upon and take care of himself, and to respect his inferiors and treat them courteously and kindly. Pray save him from the absurdity of a cane and kid gloves, and garments that are not suitable for down-right, hearty play. It may be pretty and aristocratic and a sign of your opulence to dress him up in the height of fashion; but in so doing you run the risk of spoiling him for any robust and useful living.